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"Don't Tommy?"
"You see this paper?"

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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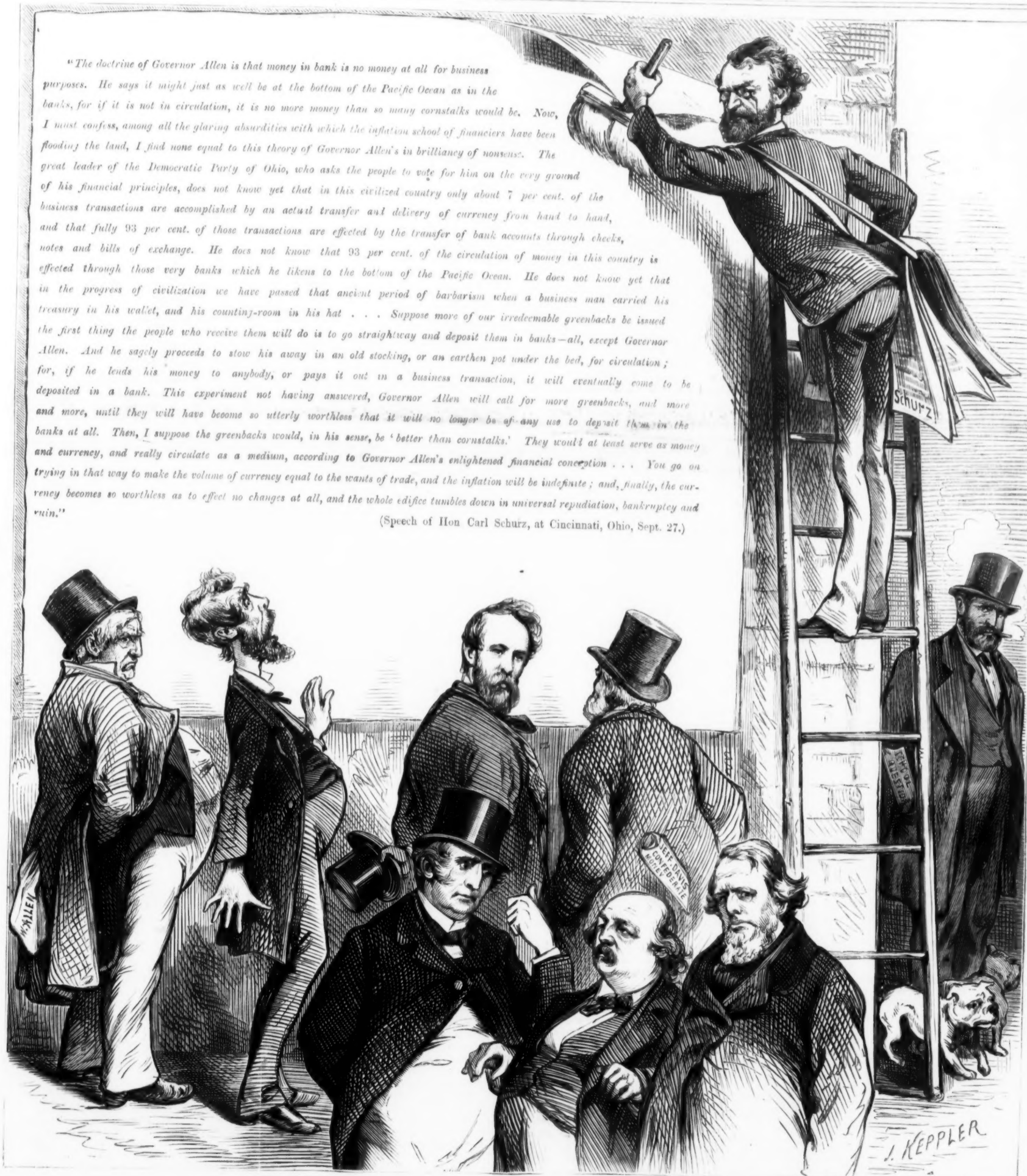
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"The doctrine of Governor Allen is that money in bank is no money at all for business purposes. He says it might just as well be at the bottom of the Pacific Ocean as in the banks, for if it is not in circulation, it is no more money than so many cornstalks would be. Now, I must confess, among all the glaring absurdities with which the inflation school of financiers have been flooding the land, I find none equal to this theory of Governor Allen's in brilliancy of nonsense. The great leader of the Democratic Party of Ohio, who asks the people to vote for him on the very ground of his financial principles, does not know yet that in this civilized country only about 7 per cent. of the business transactions are accomplished by an actual transfer and delivery of currency from hand to hand, and that fully 93 per cent. of those transactions are effected by the transfer of bank accounts through checks, notes and bills of exchange. He does not know that 93 per cent. of the circulation of money in this country is effected through those very banks which he likens to the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. He does not know yet that in the progress of civilization we have passed that ancient period of barbarism when a business man carried his treasury in his wallet, and his counting-room in his hat . . . Suppose more of our irredeemable greenbacks be issued the first thing the people who receive them will do is to go straightway and deposit them in banks—all, except Governor Allen. And he sagely proceeds to stow his away in an old stocking, or an earthen pot under the bed, for circulation; for, if he lends his money to anybody, or pays it out in a business transaction, it will eventually come to be deposited in a bank. This experiment not having answered, Governor Allen will call for more greenbacks, and more and more, until they will have become so utterly worthless that it will no longer be of any use to deposit them in the banks at all. Then, I suppose the greenbacks would, in his sense, be 'better than cornstalks.' They would at least serve as money and currency, and really circulate as a medium, according to Governor Allen's enlightened financial conception . . . You go on trying in that way to make the volume of currency equal to the wants of trade, and the inflation will be indefinite; and, finally, the currency becomes so worthless as to effect no changes at all, and the whole edifice tumbles down in universal repudiation, bankruptcy and ruin."

(Speech of Hon Carl Schurz, at Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 27.)



A LESSON FOR GOVERNOR ALLEN AND ALL OTHER INFLATIONISTS.

CARL SCHURZ—"This will spoil your little 'Inflation' game. The doctrines you preach you don't believe yourselves, and you are only taking advantage of the present ignorance of the masses on the financial question. But before the next Presidential election, they will find out who are their best advisers."

KELLEY—"I'm afraid of yonder Bill-sticker. He may prove more than a match for us."

U. S. G.—"If those fellows get up a lively quarrel among themselves, I shall have, after all, a better chance for a Third Term than some folks imagine."

FRANK LESLIE'S
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WHAT IS A STATESMAN?

IN all the foregone history of our Commonwealth there never was a time when statesmanship was more needed, and never a time when statesmen were more scarce, than now. Politicians are numberless, statesmen are few. Office-holders are about us in multitudinous throngs, but amongst them even the lantern of Diogenes might fail in the search for a statesman.

Statesmanship in this country is not an amateur science which the nascent politician may acquire of a Summer afternoon by the drowsy perusal of party platforms and creeds. Still less is it a science intuitively received and condescendingly exercised as a kind of busy idleness for the gratification of an inspired few, claiming to be clothed with a divine right to govern under the musty mantle of hereditary honors. Of statesmanship it may be said, as Aristotle said of philosophy, "It is the science of the sciences." Such a science comes to no man, be he prince or politician, by inspiration. The inflating breath of popular favor has, in many instances, made a politician; it never yet has made a statesman.

The true statesman is a man of calm, unprejudiced intellect, who studies philosophically the problems of government until he comes to understand clearly and to comprehend fully the practical wants of the age and the country in which he lives; and then labors wisely and faithfully to respond to those wants in the administration of public affairs. If he be in office, he judiciously improves every opportunity and all the available resources at his command in the immediate present in order to secure the advantages sought for the approximate future. The mere politician may pass his whole life in public affairs, and in official place, and yet know nothing of the requirements of the age, except what lies immediately on the surface, and is, consequently, unable to calculate remote results and general consequences. He may steer his own political bark successfully amid tempestuous conventions, but he cannot successfully guide the Ship of State.

Our political system, it is often said, is but an experiment; and all philosophy teaches that an incomplete experiment proves nothing. But, are we never to get beyond the conditions of an experiment? Have we established nothing?—demonstrated nothing? Is our statesmanship to resolve itself into nothing more than an infinite series of experiments? Our natal centennial approaches—and when are we to say of our experiment, "Tis finished"? Is another century of experiments to pass before we can say of our system, "The people have spoken, and 'tis done; they have commanded, and it stood fast"? That time, assuredly, is not yet. Consecutive experiments have clogged the machinery of our system and complicated the diversities of our public interests, until our clear, simple, systematic Constitution has become, under the manipulations of sophisticated politicians, a riddle of mysteries. Statesmanship has not done this.

Though great statesmen may unexpectedly arise in great political emergencies, yet their statesmanship is not improvised. The emergency was but the previous statesman's opportunity. For, to be a statesman, he must possess an organizing mind, capable of evolving order out of disorder, able to grasp the grandest system, and endowed with administrative gifts to execute its minutest details. He must be as skillful in tracing the operation of general causes as in foreseeing the results of particular measures. In order to do this, he must make himself familiar with the philosophy of the past as well as with the facts of the present. He must be thoroughly conversant with the resources of his country, both latent and revealed, and with the best methods for developing and improving them. With the various commercial interests and relations that his country sustains to other nations and the world at large he must be profoundly acquainted, and equally versed in the best methods for their protection and enlargement. All this the emergency found in him, but did not confer upon him. Before the battle he was already armed.

He leaves to the demagogue all speeches wherewith he can do no good. Discarding crude and attenuated theories, and unprofitable talk, as well as the utterance of vain knowledge, he quietly grasps the great principles that control the natural order of things, and as quietly applies them to directing the practical affairs of life. He wins his victories

over opposing difficulties, not by blindly and obstinately resisting, but by intelligently accepting and strictly obeying, those laws and forces in social science that give inevitable shape and character to public events. He does not unwisely assume to create the rivers and the ocean, but he judiciously trims the Ship of State so as to safely and successfully navigate them.

To those devices known as "political expedients" the true statesman attaches little faith. To his mind nothing is expedient that is not right. He prefers to guide his course by the fixed star of principle, rather than by the erratic meteor of expediency. To his conception the science of government is not an abstraction, but signifies something profoundly practical and preeminently useful. He perfectly comprehends the grand philosophic truth, that the majestic march of the nations "through the deeps of time" does not, like the erratic phantasm of a dream, move onward without reason or order. He regards national affairs, as all other human affairs, as for ever proceeding in a continuous movement by a perfectly definite course. Whatever may be their present state, he knows that they must gradually yield to new conditions. With these new conditions must come new planes of thought; and with modified thought must come new methods of action among men. He considers nations as only transitional forms of humanity aggregated, and consequently governed always by the same organic law of development. Hence, the manner of their advance, though sometimes unexpected, and possibly violent, can never be abrupt; because it is law begetting its like. And he sees that, at each successive stage of their advance, there emerge events and ideas which owe their genius to preceding events; and which, in their exodus from the present, cannot fail to influence the character and conditions of the future. Amidst all this there necessarily exists a law of continuous variation of human opinions. And no one better than a wise statesman more thoroughly appreciates the exceeding folly of those exceeding wise men who make it their boast that their opinions on public affairs never change. Of such the wise man said: "He is wiser in his own conceit than seven men who can render a reason."

Frederick the Great, known as a statesman extremely practical in his views, once said: "If I wanted to ruin one of my provinces, I would make over its government to the philosophers." And it certainly has sometimes happened that men who knew most about the philosophy of government knew the least about the art of governing. While such may truly be philosophers, they can scarcely be called statesmen; and would, most likely, be perfectly calculated, by reason of their abstruse and impracticable theories, to work the ruin of any province that they might be called upon to govern. But the finished statesman is not an experimentalist in practice. He distrusts all fanaticism, however well intended; and discards all "hobbies," however specious and alluring. His philosophy, drawn from the past, is most useful in teaching him what to avoid, rather than in prescribing what to adopt, because he knows that man learns to improve more from his mistakes than from his original conceptions. To his understanding, the science of government, which includes both its principles and its practice, its art as well as its philosophy, signifies infinitely more than an ideal abstraction. The political philosopher, profoundly investigating the science of government, demonstrates concerning it what may be known. The statesman demonstrates concerning it what may be done. But, to achieve this, he must combine the two. He must know Man, and know men—the subjective and the objective elements of the civil State. He knows, and knows why, the followers of the ideal without the actual are always before the age in their theories, and always behind the age in their action. Instead of yielding to the seductions of Arcadian theories, equally charming and impracticable, his mind grapples with the rugged facts that confront him, and works out his ideal from the actual, knowing that history perpetually demonstrates that the policy of nations cannot be permanently modified except by principles and measures conforming to their existing tendency; and, consequently, that profound and beneficent changes can ensue only when the operating force is in unison with the wants of the people and the temper of the age. In estimating this force, which, under our system we denominate public opinion, he considers that under republican governments men are all equal; equal, also, in despotic governments; in the former, because they are everything; in the latter, because they are nothing.

A great community aiming to govern itself by intellect, rather than by coercion, by the power of public opinion instead of the power of some "accepted hermit," is a spectacle worthy of the admiration of all the ages. But can a community so governed consider itself safe without the guidance of profound statesmanship? To the security and prosperity of such a government, indeed, most of all others, is wise statesmanship needful. The mistakes of a monarch may be corrected by his people; but where is the power of correction in a republic when the people themselves are led into error? Permanence, stability, are the ideal objects of good statesmanship; prosperity, progression in accordance with the law of development, are its practical aims; and these objects and aims are the correlatives of each other. Man is so constituted as not to be conscious of continuous motion in a steady progression. Abrupt variations alone impress his attention. These sudden and sensational movements are the delight of the demagogue; they are the abhorrence of the statesman. Through them the demagogue sees the way to secure power for himself; through them the statesman sees only impending evil to the country. The demagogue, through them, may become famous for the present, while the statesman's reward must await the fiat of the future. For the full appreciation of the wisdom of his unselfish and patriotic policy, the statesman can look only to a posterity which has realized and enjoyed its beneficial effects. Of all men, he is most dependent for his reward upon his own self-approbation and the assurance of the deserved plaudits he will receive from the coming generations. To his contemporaries he may seem only an uncompromising prophet of evil, sternly rebuking novelties in doctrine founded upon what are called "advanced opinions"; but to posterity he will appear as an oracular spirit who, from known causes, traced out to them the unknown effect; and who calmly impelled the nation toward its own good in defiance of calumny and misconception.

Adherence to sound principle is easy, in public life, when friends approve, and all men see its obvious connection with prosperous results. But when friends falter and desert; when the prospect darkens with doubt, and beckoning power tempts to other courses; when there is nothing left but the upright motives that both prompt and reward public duty, then the true statesman stands out in his full proportions of grandeur, like the mountain unshaken by the storm that obscured it. And when surrounded by doubts and commotion, to act wisely and well; to distinguish and follow unchangeable law in the midst of changing events, and thereby to become a philosophic guide for the present, and a prophetic monitor of the future—this it is to be a statesman.

Can it be said that in our country such men now abound?—men who perfectly know the resources and capabilities of the nation, and how to foster and enhance them? How to smite the Horeb of our political economy and evoke therefrom the stream of public prosperity?

Among the prominent leaders of the people, have we now any statesman thoroughly versed in the science of agriculture, the chief interest of the nation? Washington remarked that "agriculture is the most useful, the most noble and the most healthful occupation that man can engage in." Does any one of our statesmen, so-called, know anything of our national agriculture beyond the conjectural figures of our census-tables, and the reports of the Department of Agriculture? With the grandest agricultural capabilities known to the world, we are, nevertheless, painfully compelled to concede that Europe continues far ahead of us in her methods of cultivation and in her agricultural schools.

And as to our commerce: Do our statesmen comprehend our commercial relations with the world at large? Can their wisdom provide any solid and effective measures for extending those relations and strengthening their conditions? If such statesmanship they possess, then why has their modesty kept it hid under a bushel, and nothing been done to save our once flourishing commerce from decay and utter ruin? Why have our statesmen of the present day left to England the unchallenged privilege of monopolizing the vast trade with South America, with Africa, and the Oriental World, to the entire neglect of our own opportunities in those vast and enriching fields of commercial enterprise? While our merchant marine is dwindling down to nothingness, England's steamship lines are covering the oceans of the globe with a network of commerce; and are even controlling the larger portion of the trade at our own ports. Like her martial drum-beat, her commerce follows the march of the sun, girdling the globe with a golden chain whose every link is a symbol of strength to her government and of profit to her people.

To England's fabrics, cotton, iron, glass, borne in English ships, Africa yields her oils, her ivory, her spices, and her gold. The Orient has poured her accumulated wealth of a thousand years into the coffers of England. With all our advantages of proximity to China by steam, we receive but ten per cent. of the foreign trade of that empire, England seventy-five per cent. To South America, from the Amazon to La Plata, from La Plata to the Straits of Magellan, and thence along the Pacific Coast to the home of the Incas, and still on through the States of Central America—to this vast region, as yet but feebly developed, England already sells her fabrics to the amount of \$250,000,000 in gold annually. The statesmen of England have long recognized and steadily maintained the soundest principles of national prosperity. As rivals we may not love them; but, as statesmen, we must admire them.

Even to maintain our position as rivals, and not sink into the helpless condition of subordinates, we must rouse ourselves, and demand a higher grade of statesmanship in the management of our public affairs. It surely cannot be that we have not among us men competent to meet all the requirements of the

true statesman's functions. The public mistake and misfortune is that we have yielded our opinions too easily to the arguments of faction and the dishonest insinuations of temporary interest. We allow men of small intelligence and little wisdom to lead and represent us in public affairs, and to exercise authority in high places, whom in private matters we would scorn to trust, or to meet with common respect. We put notoriety in office, not statesmanship. A popular simpleton, who has never done any harm; an infatuated fanatic, who has never done any good; a blatant rhetorician, who presumes himself powerful because of his much speaking; the political diplomatist, however cunning; the political ignoramus, however honest—these are not the characters to lead the age and guide the destiny of this great nation.

And, more than ever, now, when the economic theories of demagogues have been permitted to unsettle values, and to bid us to a commercial supremacy foreign to ourselves, which drains from us our means for developing the immense latent wealth of our country—now it is, even more than ever before, we need the guiding hand of statesmanship in public affairs, for the true statesman will found an empire that will stand—the foundations of which time will strengthen and age invigorate; and the name of such a statesman will be written in characters of living light along the highways and byways of his country, where they will brighten from day to day and from year to year, in the sight of all men.

THE POLITICS OF THE FUTURE.

WE have entered into a new political dispensation. "The old order changeth, giving place to the new." Shrewd observers in the ranks of the Republican Party have discovered that the reign of the phrase-mongers is over. The cant of partisan watchwords has lost its power to charm, and excites only contempt and impatience in the popular breast. There was a time when the awakened spirit of reform could be appeased by the opiates of a political quackery and awed into silence by the frantic cries of a stimulated patriotism. The needless assumptions of Executive power during the war, and the long line of crude and arbitrary measures that were subsequently hurried through Congress under the whip and spur of a reckless majority, have been too long condoned under the tyrant's plea of necessity. While the reeking abominations of official corruption at Washington have been swelling to heaven, the Republican high-priests for many a year have only swung their censurs a little higher in the air, and filled the popular nostrils with a denser cloud of incense in praise of "the party of great moral ideas."

These incantations have at length spent their force and no longer serve to becloud the popular understanding or to besot the popular conscience. The Dame Partingtons of the Republican family are, it is true, still hoping that the storm of indignation will subside, and they may be seen at the doors of their houses with mops and patters, industriously plying their brooms, "squeezing out sea-water and pushing away the Atlantic Ocean." In hope of allaying the storm, the Republican Jonah has been thrown overboard in the person of General Grant and the third term. Instead of thanks to the Administration, such as were publicly tendered by the Republicans of Connecticut, less than a year ago, as homage to the "firmness" with which the President had trodden out the liberties of Louisiana, we now have the Republicans of New York, in State Convention assembled, solemnly declaring that "the welfare of the country requires a just, generous and forbearing national policy in the Southern States, and a firm refusal to use military power except for purposes clearly defined in the Constitution." Bishop Warburton has pleasantly assured us in one of his polemical treatises that it is a bootless task "to discourse on the ten predicaments of Aristotle to a leader of armies," and among all the leaders of modern armies we know of no military chieftain in whose case such a disquisition could be more unpromising than in the case of the eminent soldier whom the Republican Party have set over the nation. Yet General Grant has come to perceive, with all his obtuseness to the Aristotelian predicaments, that the country no longer has any place for the politics of the mess-room and the barrack. Entreated by his doughty political squire in Mississippi to send a fresh detachment of Federal troops into that State, "to protect the black citizen" from "outrage" (and to help carry the pending election), our late-enlightened Chief Magistrate has been given to understand, as he plaintively writes to the new Attorney-General, that "the whole public are fired out with these annual autumnal outbreaks in the South, and the great majority are ready now to condemn any interference on the part of the Government." Even as late as July last the political situation was not entirely desperate in the Presidential eyes, for when at that time the righteous soul of Mr. Secretary Delano was vexed by "a Mr. Marsh" into tendering the resignation of his portfolio in the Interior Department, his much-enduring chief would not accept the unwilling sacrifice at his hands. A few days ago he was suffered to resign without even waiting for the promised "vindication."

And the good people of the United States

are not left in any doubt as to the source from which this deathbed repentance of the Republican Party has sprung. If anybody was stolid and incurious enough to overlook it, a leading pundit in the Republican ranks has volunteered to point its useful moral for the benefit of his more fat witted confederates. We refer to Mr. George William Curtis, who, as the President of the late Republican Convention at Saratoga, and as the editor of a prominent Republican organ, is certainly entitled to speak as one having authority, and not as the vulgar scribes of his political order. In a coaxing appeal to the Republicans of Massachusetts he adjures them to "send the bummers to the rear." And this salutary counsel he enforces by the following considerations:

"You Massachusetts Republicans must not be satisfied with a regulation and routine party candidate. The New York Democrats, understanding the situation, have placed a Republican at the head of their ticket by acclamation. If you would awaken the old Republican enthusiasm of Massachusetts, nominate for Governor a man whose name means to the whole country what it wants."

The fact that the New York Democrats understand the situation, and that because of this understanding they have placed an honest and liberal Republican at the head of their ticket, after having already elected a Governor whose name means to the whole country what it wants, is seen by Mr. Curtis to mark a "new departure" in our current politics. That new departure took its initiative about a year ago, in the nomination and triumphant election of Mr. Tilden as Governor of this State. By his candidature the two "burning questions" of the present time were lifted into their just predominance over all minor issues. The purification of politics, and, as part and parcel of that reform, the restoration of our currency to a specie basis, found in him a fitting exponent. As a purifier of politics, he has shown his faith by his works in the successful prosecution of the Tweed dynasty in this city, and since his election he has boldly essayed a new labor of Hercules in the assault made upon the Canal Ring. In the face of a strange apostasy from the principles of a sound national finance and from the primary maxims of public honor among the Democrats of Ohio and Pennsylvania, the supporters of Tilden have advanced still higher the banner under which they propose to march with steady steps forward to a resumption of specie payments.

The bold front presented by the New York Democracy against political profligacy and financial heresy, whether in their own ranks, in the ranks of their political confederates, or in the ranks of the Republican Party, is now seen to be a movement along the whole line against the forces of political corruption on the one hand and against the alliance of financial knavery with popular ignorance on the other. As such, it is drawing volunteers and recruits from the mass of the people without distinction of party. The recombination of parties, for which so many honest patriots have been sighing, has already taken place in New York and in Massachusetts, not by the mechanical intrusion of an alien and anomalous *tertium quid*, but by the chemical affinities of a natural selection among the best elements of an enlightened public opinion.

They greatly mistake the depth and significance of this movement who suppose themselves to see in it nothing more than a new deal of cards in the hands of political gamblers, a casual shake of the political kaleidoscope, a dexterous move of the political chessboard, with the Presidency and the spoils of office at stake. The movement is embodied to-day in the person of Governor Tilden as its most illustrious representative, but it is too deep and too far-reaching to be comprised within the personal fortunes or dynastic prospects of any individual. What the country most wants to-day is integrity in office, and that "wisdom in business" which Bacon has prescribed. Instead of the former, the Republican Party has given us Credit Mobilier frauds in Congress and laxity of morals in every department of the Federal Government. Instead of the latter, it has given us the clinging curse of paper money complicated with the multiplied and multiform abominations of an ill-adjusted revenue system. A reformed public morality and a reformed political economy are the two wards of the master-key which shall unlock the politics of the future.

THE FALL RIVER STRIKES.

THE riotous demonstrations made at Fall River last week by the operatives out on strike have naturally enough considerably excited the public mind, and afresh called the attention of the press to those unfortunate differences which are so often breaking out between labor and capital. In referring to the subject, we have no desire to add fuel to the flame, or in any way to encourage a continuance of the strife. In our opinion, striking on the part of workmen is an evil which finds but small justification either in its causes or its results. It is no doubt irritating to the mind of the workman to have his wages reduced or to labor under the conviction that he is not receiving his rightful share of the profits. Striking, however, does not really make matters better. On the contrary, it does, in the general case, make matters worse; for, even if the workman succeeds in his purpose—in preventing reduction or in securing an increase of wages—success is gained by a sacrifice which makes him a permanent loser. In addition to

this, striking entails a permanent loss on the community. Masters suffer as well as men; and not unfrequently the tradesmen, dependent on the capital of the one and the wages of the other, find themselves before the conflict is ended hopelessly ruined. It is calculated that the suspension of labor at Fall River has in two months entailed a loss on the community of one million of dollars. This loss cannot be repaid by any arrangement which may now be made.

At the same time, things being as they are, it is difficult to say what other means, in certain circumstances, the workman could adopt to assert his rights. Striking is undoubtedly an evil, and both in this country and in Europe it has brought untold disasters on manufacturing communities; but in the past, it must be admitted, it has been, if not always, at least oftentimes, a necessary evil. The rights of the workman are in all respects as sacred as those of the master; labor is not one whit less precious than capital; and if the capitalist is justified in protecting what he calls his rights, the workman is equally justified in protecting what he regards as his. On these points there can be no controversy. The question is whether the method hitherto adopted and followed out in settling differences between labor and capital is the right method or even the best possible, all things being considered. Hitherto the master has claimed the right to stop his works and shut the doors on his workpeople; and recently the coal masters of England adopted this course, and carried it out with singular effect. On the other hand, the workmen have hitherto found no better means of asserting their rights, or what they have believed to be their rights, than striking or "standing out." Until some other and more satisfactory means are devised for the settlement of these difficulties, we must, however much we may deplore the fact, admit that striking is sometimes at least justifiable.

While we take this view of the relations of labor and capital, while we concede to each its rights—neither condemning the lockout as such, nor the strike as such—we do not close our eyes to the wrongs which are often done on the one side and the other. No excuse can be accepted for the conduct of the mob at Fall River when they surrounded the City Hall and threatened violence if the Mayor and Aldermen did not come to their aid. As little can we excuse them for tossing about in the streets, as if in mockery of all propriety, the bread for which they professed to be hungering. Nor can we commend them for their conduct towards each other. In attempting to force their fellows to stand out against their will, and in threatening violence towards those who have deemed it their duty to accept the master's terms, they are themselves guilty of the very tyranny of which they so bitterly complain. If this much must be said of the work-people, the masters are not by any means to be held guiltless. Their demands are as discreditable to themselves as they are cruel to the employes. They demand that the workmen shall not in the future belong to a trades-union—a demand about as reasonable as to ask that in future they should not attend church or join a club. They demand that the workmen shall not, in the future, quit work in a body, which is about the same as if they asked them to combine in the interest of the employers. It is gratifying to know that a better feeling begins to prevail; and it is earnestly to be hoped that the masters will see fit to modify their demands, and so, for the present, allow the strife to cease.

We cordially approve of the proposal which was made to the managers on Friday week, that henceforth all such difficulties between employers and employed be settled by arbitration. This, it seems to us, is the only possible way by which all the inconveniences of strikes can be got rid of; and surely, if an earnest attempt were made, a committee or council of arbitration composed partly of the managers and partly of intelligent workmen, with possibly a sprinkling of neutrals, could be organized. It is not contended that arbitration would make strikes impossible, any more than that arbitration between nations makes war impossible. What is maintained, is that arbitration, if it did not absolutely prevent strikes, would so reduce their chances that they would be of comparatively rare occurrence. The whole question is one which deeply concerns all ranks and classes, and, indeed, all peoples. The man who will devise a means of making an end of these differences between labor and capital will earn the gratitude of the present and future generations of mankind.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING OCTOBER 2, 1875.

Monday..... 116 1/4 @ 116 3/4	Thursday..... 117 @ 117 1/4
Tuesday..... 116 1/4 @ 117	Friday..... 116 3/4 @ 117
Wednesday..... 116 3/4 @ 117 1/4	Saturday..... 116 3/4 @ 117 1/4

EDITORIAL NOTES.

LYNCH LAW, after all, has terrible uncertainties, if no delays. The hair which the alleged victim of Schell clutched in her hand proves under the microscope to have been not his, but his wife's, and thus confirms his dying protestations of innocence.

EVEN THE POLITICAL OPPONENTS of Hon. A. H. Rice agree with his friends that he is eminently qualified for the office of Governor, for which he was nominated at the Massachusetts Republican

Convention. None will dispute the statement of the Boston Globe that Mr. Rice has first-class ability, undoubted integrity, fine culture, a large and generous public spirit, and the sterling merits which command respect and win confidence.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA opened on October 3d. During the three hours of business the amount of deposits received exceeded the checks paid out by about \$750,000. The characteristic energy of Californians has never been more signally illustrated than in the Syndicate's successful effort to raise up and rehabilitate the broken bank.

THE NATIONAL CENTENNIAL.—The State of Ohio has begun the erection of its buildings upon the Centennial Grounds. Similar buildings will be put up by Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas, and Missouri. The English Commission has applied for an extension of its space, so as to erect a third building. It is announced that the reception of applications for building space will be discontinued after October 30th.

JACK HARKAWAY.—The eighth part of the famous story of "Jack Harkaway" is now appearing in FRANK LESLIE'S "BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY." Mr. Bracebridge Hemyng has been over four years engaged in writing this story continuously. We believe there is no instance on record of an author carrying on a tale to such a length, with the same characters and absolutely without any loss of popularity, as the "BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY" has an increasing circulation. This is a literary feat which deserves mention, as it exceeds any performed by those princes of *feuilletonists*, Alexander Dumas, Ponson du Terrail and Jules Janin. We may add that there is no immediate prospect of Jack Harkaway and his friends, who are now in search of a Mountain of Gold among the Indians of the Black Hills, making their final bow to the public.

TELEGRAPH RATES.—The grasping spirit of the Telegraph Companies have been brought into striking relief by the announcement of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company that the rates after Monday 4th will be raised to one dollar per word. The rate had been reduced to twenty-five cents in consequence of the opposition of the Direct Cable Company. Now that the Direct Cable is crippled, the charges are increased to four times the former amount. It is a lesson to the public. The Direct line will no doubt soon be in working order again. The public will not only prove themselves ungrateful, but blind to their own interests, if they do not give it their hearty support. Ocean cables must be multiplied and amalgamation must be resisted. Only by such means can the Anglo-American Telegraph monopoly be kept down.

THE CENTRAL SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY.—On Tuesday, the 28th ult., the Central Safe Deposit Company threw open their splendid iron vaults for the inspection of the public. The vaults occupy a portion of the basement and first floor of the new Masonic Temple, corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-third Street; and it is not too much to say that, while for strength and all purposes of safety they have no superior, they are, in regard to elegance, perhaps the finest in the world. Large numbers of the elite of New York, to whom the vaults will be of incalculable value, thronged the premises from an early hour in the morning. One of the most interesting features of the day was the exhibition of James E. Thomson's duplex lock. The lock, which is a marvel of ingenuity and simplicity, excited great interest; and the general feeling seemed to be that such a lock, applied to the individual boxes, completed all the requirements of safety and security.

GOVERNOR TILDEN ON TAXATION.—At the State Fair at Utica, on the 30th ultimo, Governor Tilden made one of the best speeches which he has made during the recess. In some important particulars the Governor's speech formed striking contrast to that of President Grant delivered on the same day at Des Moines. General Grant was silent about all connected with finance. Governor Tilden made some startling statements regarding the taxation of the country—a taxation which is crushing the life out of the trades and industries, and rushing us headlong to ruin. According to the Governor's estimate, the taxation of the country for the ten years between the years 1860 and 1870 amounted to seven hundred millions a year; and this enormous burden has been but little lessened since the last-mentioned date. The Governor called loudly for the reduction of taxes and for economy in all departments of the Government, and pointed with just pride to what had already been accomplished at Albany. The address at Utica is fitted to have a happy effect on the approaching elections; and the presumption is that the new men, whether Democrats or Republicans, will be pledged to reform.

PRESIDENT GRANT'S GREAT SPEECH.—President Grant has not hitherto made any very ambitious efforts at public speaking. His taciturnity has passed into a proverb almost as much as that of the great Dutchman, William of Orange. Whether from inability or from aversion to the practice, he has, beyond his occasional State papers, troubled the world but little with his eloquence. At Des Moines, the other day, the President departed from his wonted habit, and made a speech of some length and of some importance. It was a well-conceived, skillfully wrought up little speech. It was clearly meant to serve a purpose; and it is not to be denied that, looking to the end intended, it will exercise a considerable influence. It is said that the speech was read—a circumstance which to some minds may suggest that it was written by another hand than his own. Such, however, is by no means a fair inference. No one doubts that the President has capacity enough to write a speech; and it is just as fair to infer that the reading of it was due to a desire on his part to be accurate in the statement of his views as that it was the production of another mind. We have no fault to find with the speech as a speech. It was brief and pointed and clear. Its real fault was that it avoided the very

topic which most engages public attention, and gave undue importance to questions which have a local rather than a general interest. A few words from General Grant on the currency question would have given more general satisfaction than all he said about the public schools and the sectarian tendency of the times. It is simply absurd for President Grant to make so much of a question which really does not belong to the live issues of the present. No one knows better than President Grant himself that the public schools are in no real danger; and to raise a local question—a question which has been forced into prominence in only one State of the Union—into imperial importance, was scarcely worthy of the President. His latest speech clearly shows that the President is neither tired of power nor indifferent to the interests of his party.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

CARL SCHURZ made his first campaign speech at Cincinnati, and pronounced for hard money. Fall River, Mass., was threatened with a riot by striking operatives, and a large military force was called out. A new United States sloop-of-war was launched at Philadelphia. The Massachusetts State Republican Convention was held at Worcester, and ex-Mayor Rice of Boston nominated for Governor. New York city was assessed \$7,233,315 as State tax, and the rest of the State only \$5,782,532. Police Captain Burden, of New York city, was dismissed the force. Indictments were found against Engineer Behn, Ellis Webster and D. C. Webb for perjury and conspiracy in canal frauds in Buffalo. A large number of operatives went to work in the Fall River mills. The Rev. George B. Porteous, of Brooklyn, was drowned in Long Island Sound. New directors were chosen by the bondholders of the Northern Pacific Railway. The Third Avenue Savings Institution, of New York, decided to go into liquidation. Young Nichols, the defaulting teller of the Bank of Commerce, Montreal, was captured with his father at St. Augustine, Fla. President Grant made the longest speech of his life at the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee. Canal Superintendent John Kelly was arraigned for bribery and perjury at Buffalo. The Fall River strikers adopted a plan of agreement to submit to employers. A protest against the city's increased share of State tax was made by the Board of Aldermen of New York. The Crow Butte Council for the sale of the Black Hills closed without agreement upon any proposition. Another appeal was issued to the banks of New York city for Centennial aid. The new Board of Directors of the Northern Pacific Railroad elected Charles B. Wright President. The trial of the Jefferson Borden mutineers was concluded at Boston, Mass., last week. Mile. Tietjens was sentenced at the Everett House, and Theodore Wachtel at the Belvedere, New York. Citizens of Sea Cliff, L. I., demanded an investigation into the alleged drowning of Dr. Porteous, having reasons to believe he was murdered. A dispatch announces that Egypt will be well represented at the Centennial. Naval Paymaster Spaulding was relieved from duty at the Mare Island Navy Yard, San Francisco, for fraud and embezzlement. Mr. Beecher gave his first Friday evening Lecture at Plymouth Church, on the 1st. United States Treasurer New called in \$5,000,000 of five twenty bonds. There was a pretty general resumption of work by the Fall River strikers. Millard Carpenter, of Evansville, Ind., settled \$300,000 on an educational institution to be founded in that city, and will add \$200,000 more when it is firmly established. The remains of Edgar A. Poe were disinterred at Baltimore preparatory to the erection of the new monument. Ex-Governor Charles S. Olden of New Jersey died at Princeton on the 2d, aged 78 years. Memorial exercises in honor of the late Senator Johnson were held at Nashville on the 2d. A water-spout near Las Cruces, New Mexico, swept away seventy-nine houses, but no lives were lost.

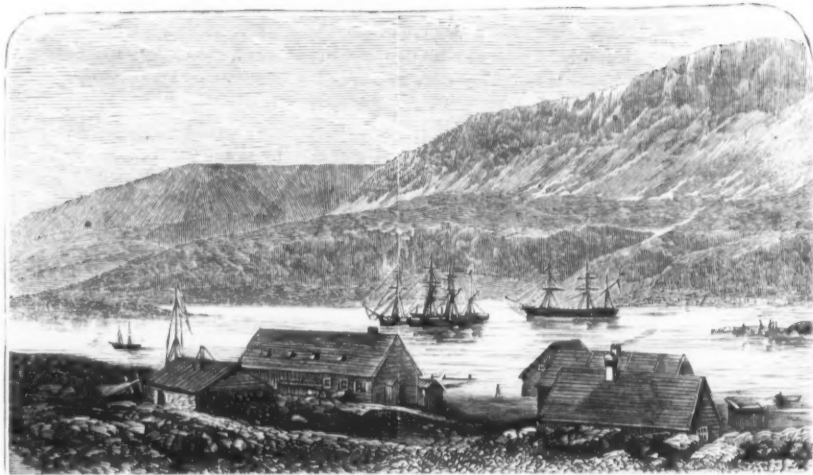
FOREIGN.

Tax Swedish Arctic Expedition was reported at Hammerfest, Norway. A Turkish declaration disavowed hostilities to the vassal States. Berlin dispatches announced the adhesion of Dean Suszcynsky to the Old Catholic party. Much destitution is feared this winter among the fishermen along the Gulf of St. Lawrence. King Alfonso promised to place the hat on the new Spanish Cardinal. The Consuls of Germany, Austria and Italy failed to arrange a conference with the Turkish insurgents. Serbian radicals demanded a declaration of war with Turkey and liberal reforms. Serious dissensions were reported among the Carlist leaders that Don Carlos was unable to reconcile. An extraordinary tightness of money prevailed at Berlin. A portion of the city of Cork and a large territory in the Valley of the Lee were inundated by a storm and rise in the river. The Franco-American Union, an organization for the erection of a centennial monument on an island in Long Island Sound, was formed in Paris. The crown-stone of the Lincoln Memorial Tower attached to Newman Hall's church in London was set on the 28th ult. A Mormon church is being erected at London, Ontario. The British Government ordered an increase of its artillery force at Singapore and Hong Kong. The Bavarian Diet assembled and elected Ultramontane officers. There are 24,000 Serbian troops on the frontier, near Nisch. Alderman Cotton was elected Lord Mayor of London. The American military officers forming the Commission to examine the armies of Europe and Asia were hospitably received by the Japanese authorities. Greece is preparing to entertain the Prince of Wales. The food and mouth disease is spreading rapidly among the cattle in several counties in England. Captain Dawkins of the British iron-clad Vanguard, which was sunk by the Iron Duke, was court-martialed and dismissed the service. Turkey proposes to occupy the Island of Little Redoubt, by which it is thought an issue will be forced with Serbia. A ministerial crisis occurred at Belgrade, and the Foreign Powers demanded a cessation of the ambiguous policy of Serbia. Ex-Premier Castillejo is working to regain his power in Spain. He favors harmony with the Vatican and the marriage of the King to a German princess. The Orangemen of Toronto passed resolutions denouncing religious processions. Cardinal McCloskey took possession of his titular church at Rome, and held a reception. The Spanish decree on gold was re-enacted in Cuba. Three engagements have taken place between the Turks and the Herzegovina insurgents; the former lost the most men, but the latter were compelled to retreat. General Martinez Campos will resume command of the Spanish forces in Catalonia. The British Minister at China threatened to leave Peking if his demands were not complied with by the 30th ult. A riot occurred between the militia and police at Stockholm, Sweden, during which the police station was stormed. Munden won the October handicap at the Newmarket races. Twenty-three priests in the diocese of Breslau announced their submission to the new German ecclesiastical laws, but the Bishop remained defiant. Fourteen new battalions of Spanish infantry will be immediately organized. Perfect unanimity was restored in the French Cabinet. A central executive Centennial Committee was appointed in Florence. It was reported that China had settled the British claims.

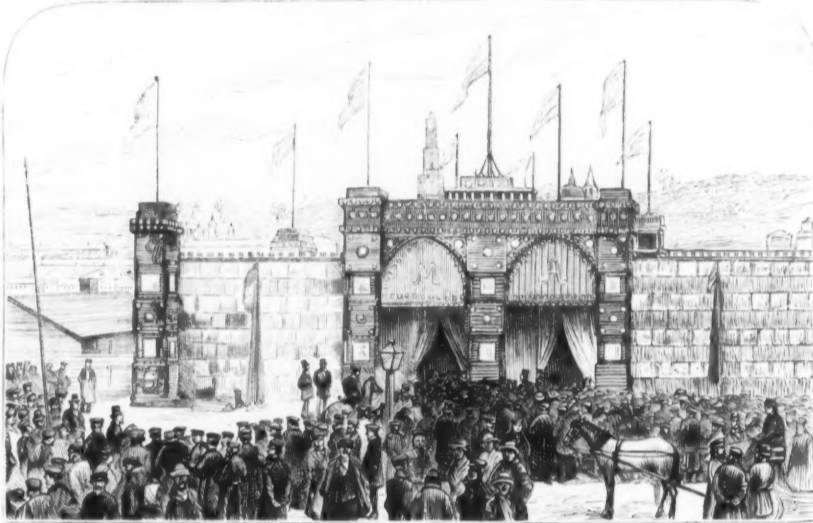
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 87.



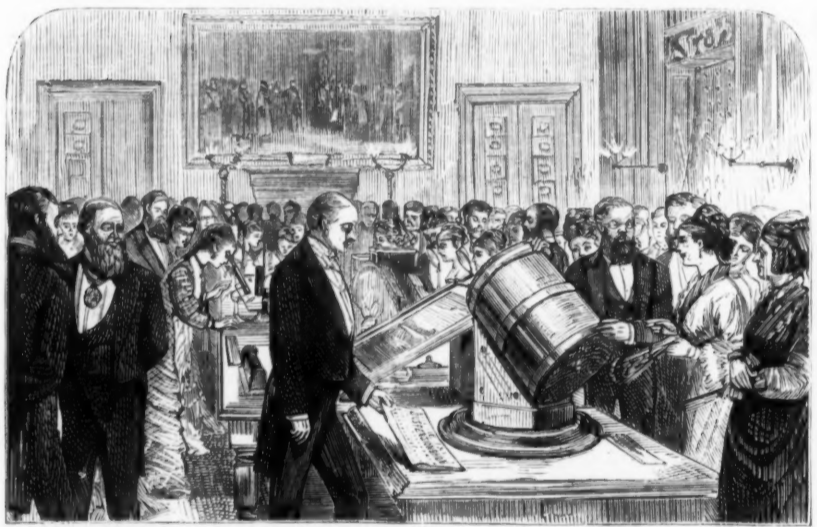
THE WAR IN HERZEGOVINA.—TURKISH SOLDIERS BRINGING IN PRISONERS.



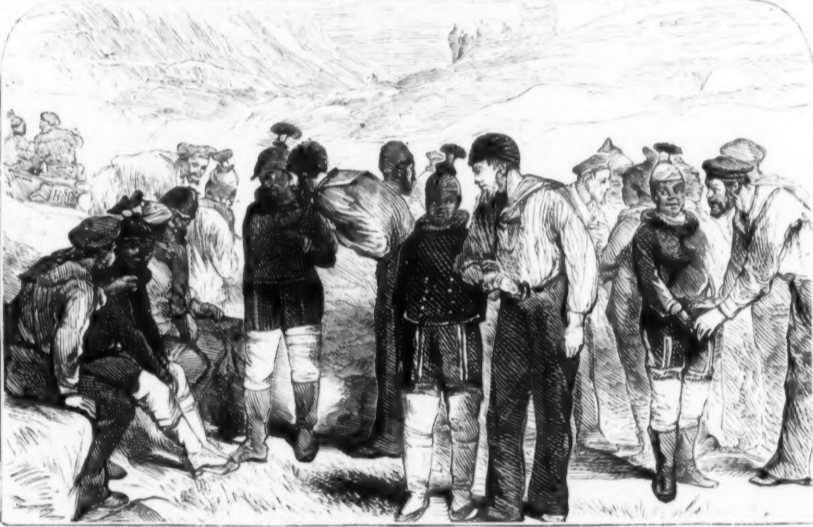
THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—U. S. M. SHIPS "ALERT," "DISCOVERY" AND "VALOROUS," AT ANCHOR IN GODHAVEN HARBOR.



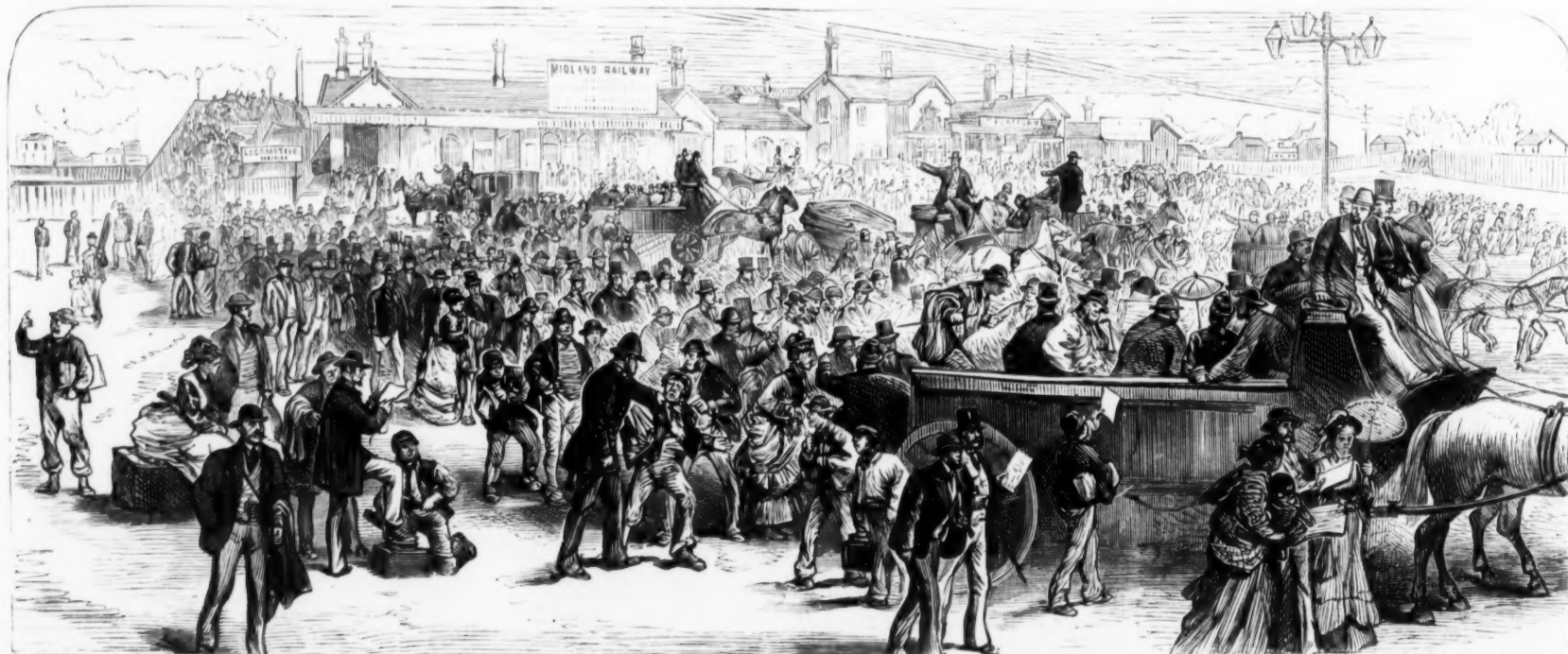
OLD RUSSIA.—THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE GREAT FAIR OF NIJNI-NOVGOROD—RECEPTION PAVILION BUILT OF DIFFERENT KINDS OF IRON.



ENGLAND.—THE CONVERSATION OF THE IRON AND STEEL INSTITUTE AT MANCHESTER.



THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—ENGLISH SAILORS AND GREENLAND GIRLS.



ENGLAND.—THE DONCASTER RACES—OUTSIDE THE RAILWAY STATION.

HERR THEODORE WACHTEL.

IN the year 1824, this distinguished tenor was born in Hamburg. His father was a coachman, and when Theodore was old enough to crack the whip he followed, until he became of age, his father's occupation. His fine voice having attracted considerable notice, means were provided for giving him a thorough training under Mlle. Grandjean, then the leading teacher of vocal music in that part of Germany. Proving an uncommonly apt pupil and being endowed by nature with rare vocal powers, he soon attained such proficiency, that it was deemed advisable to put his ability to the test of popular approbation, and accordingly arrangements were made by which he started on a professional tour of Europe. His success was assured from the start. In 1861 Mr. Gay, Manager of the Covent Garden, London, secured Wachtel for that establishment, and during his engagement his reputation attained almost universal renown. The Director of the Royal Theatres in Berlin closed a contract with him for six months at an aggregate salary of \$12,000, requiring that he should sing eight times only in each month. In 1871 he came to the United States, and after giving a series of concerts in New York, made a tour of the country, being everywhere received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations. Herr Wachtel arrived in New York, on his second visit, on the 25th of September.

On Wednesday evening, September 29th, a large party of personal friends, admirers and singers, accompanied by a band selected from Thomas's and Gilmore's orchestras, and other organizations, proceeded to the Belvedere House, and gave the renowned tenor an enthusiastic serenade, which he acknowledged in fitting terms.

CIGAR-SMUGGLING IN NEW YORK BAY.

THE ocean pathway to our city—the roadway of the dark-hulled steamers, the white-winged ships, the trim yachts, and the innumerable sailing craft that come and go over the bosom of our beautiful bay—is known to most of our readers, who have viewed it only from the deck of an excursion-steamers, or from some tiny pleasure-boat, when the skies were bright and the air was balmy, as a scene of enchanting beauty. The placid waters of the bay; the softened beauty of the far-off shore; the trim appearance of the stately forts that guard the entrance to the great metropolis; the vessels sailing outward, bearing their freight of souls and treasures to distant climes; the in-coming ships, bringing back the riches of foreign lands, homesick prodigals, hopeful emigrants, tired mariners and jaded tourists; the swift sailing-sloops; the dip of the oars of the fishermen's boats, all go to make up a picture of quiet loveliness. At such a time it is a scene fraught with pleasure and with thought, and the food for thought has the taste of the sea-weed, the odor of the sea-wind, and all the fascination of a schoolboy's dream of life on the ocean wave. We feel as if we could float away,

with the blue sea beneath us and the bright sky above us—float away, indolently lying, listening to the flapping of the sails, or watching the silver shower of the spray falling from our prow, as our keel plowed the waters, till balmy zephyrs, filled with the perfume of rose-beds and orange-groves, told of our arrival at some enchanted isle.

But few thoughts come to us at such a time of the dangers of the sea, or of the dark and daring deeds that are sometimes enacted in New York Bay, within the sound of the chimneys of Old Trinity. But often when night has settled on the waters, in the weird moonlight, or in the gloom of a starless night, such scenes might be witnessed as are depicted in our illustrations of "Cigar-smuggling in New York Bay."

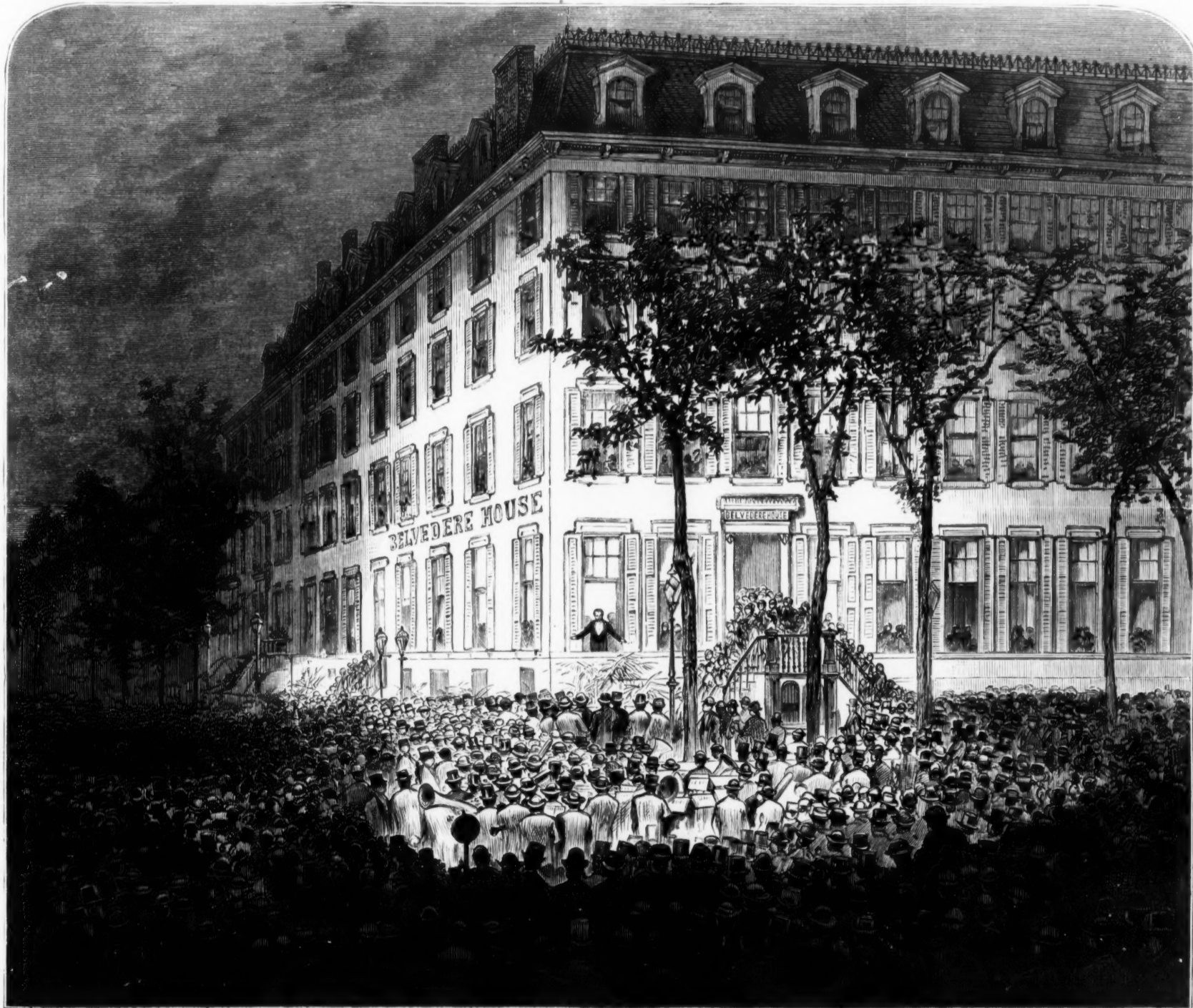
From the earliest days of the institution of import and export duties by governments, unprincipled men—yes, and women, too—have been prompted by the greed of inordinate gain to devise means of evading the payment of Custom House duties. Cunning, ingenuity, lying, deception, and sometimes even murder, have been resorted to. The records of the schemes and subterfuges brought into requisition by the smugglers would fill volumes. The catalogue of offenders would include all classes of society, from the aristocratic lady, who endeavors to conceal her diamonds or laces from the prying eyes of the Custom House officials, to the desperate smuggler who haunts the lonely bays and inlets of the coast. The history of smuggling would abound with humorous and ludicrous incidents, and present many thrilling scenes of daring, and records of bloody crimes.

The pictures we publish show the more sombre shades of a smuggler's life, and represent incidents from the confessions of one long engaged in the illegitimate trade in New York Bay. The heavy duty on cigars, and the portable nature of the goods, offer strong inducements for men to risk their lives and reputations in the hazardous task of securing a supply of the fragrant weed without paying excise duty. If the smoker, when he puffs his Flor-del-fumar or Reina Victoria, could see in the graceful clouds of smoke the pictures of the varied scenes through which the little weed had passed, a new fascination would be given to the great consoler.

A large number of men are engaged in cigar-smuggling, and the sharers in the profits include many of the kid-gloved proprietors of fashionable hotels and saloons, and the gold-laced officers of ocean steamers, as well as the hardy men who do the dangerous part of the work. The *modus operandi* adopted by the smugglers is first to secure the co-operation of certain captains, officers and deck-hands sailing between here and Havana, and make arrangements with them individually to buy certain brands of cigars. The old smuggler from whom we received our information, said: "I invariably found the captain the most difficult to approach; but when I succeeded in getting a captain to 'see 'em in' I felt secure; for the captains are least liable to suspicion. The captain once secured, I then felt safe in dealing with the officers and men; allowing a percentage of from \$1 to \$2 per 100 cigars, according to circumstances; but always,



THEODORE WACHTEL, THE GERMAN TENOR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. BISBEE, HAMBURG.



NEW YORK CITY.—SERENADE AND RECEPTION TO HERR WACHTEL, BY THE GERMAN MUSICAL SOCIETIES OF NEW YORK, AT THE BELVEDERE HOUSE, IRVING PLACE AND FIFTEENTH STREET, SEPTEMBER 29TH.

of course, making the best terms I could for ourselves. I found on many occasions that the firemen on board the steamers were safe accomplices. They have better facilities for stowing away the cigars than many of the officers have, and they are, besides, generally satisfied with a percentage of \$1 a hundred. For instance, a fireman can readily hide from 500 to 1,000 cigars in the coal alone, not to speak of the several nooks and corners at his disposal.

"The next act in the programme, was to start down the bay a few days before the vessels were in trade with were expected to arrive at quarantine. This had to be done under all sorts of pretensions and under every imaginable disguise, in order to deceive the revenue authorities. Fishing was a favorite amusement with our boys while looking out for the incoming Havana vessels and spotting the revenue cutters. During the day-time we used often to land and have a good time at various places along Bay Ridge and Staten Island, and in that way throw the revenue officers off their guard. But we never landed during the night-time, unless compelled to do so by a storm, and then we hugged the shore or took shelter under some of the rocks that overhang.

"Then comes the work of taking the cigars from the incoming vessels without being detected by the revenue officers. Sometimes this is easy enough, when the revenue officers board the particular vessel that we are expecting, and having searched her, they leave. Then our friends on board throw out signal-lights indicating that the coast is clear. If the officers hang on to the vessel, the signals tell us so, and we let the vessel slide, taking the chances that our colleagues on the wharf will be able to land the goods. I should have said before now that there are three classes of cigar-smugglers, namely, the river smugglers (those I've told you about), the wharf smugglers, and the chance smugglers. They are all in league with each other, but each class has its own particular line of business. The river smugglers have always friends on the wharf, and at certain places on the North and East Rivers.

"Well, if the signals tell us that the coast is clear, we put for the vessel by a route suggested by the circumstances of the moment, as the most judicious and least likely to attract the attention or arouse the suspicion of the revenue-men. When we get alongside the vessel, provided there be no apprehension of danger, our friends on board drop the cigars—which are generally made up in packages of five boxes each—into our boats and we make for the shore as best we can; but when the revenue-men are near at hand the packages are tied in oil-cloth or india-rubber bags, and quietly dropped into the water, when our boats come along and pick them up."

Of course there is great peril connected with such a life, and the men engaged in it are a bold and reckless class. The danger and risk they run seem to have a strange fascination for them. Not only in delightful summer weather, but amid the snow and ice of winter, they ply their illegal occupation. Nor are their nocturnal adventures always without tragic results. We illustrate two incidents within our informant's experience. One, of a midnight encounter between the smugglers and the revenue officers, in which one of the smugglers was mortally wounded, and buried by his companions in the dark waters of the bay, to prevent unpleasant inquiries. The other, the tragic end of a revenue officer, who having captured a desperate smuggler, was rowing him to the revenue cutter, when the ruffian seized the officer and jumped overboard with him. The smuggler regained the boat and escaped, but the officer sank beneath the water, and was reported accidentally drowned. We also show two of the smugglers' retreats on the shores of Long Island: one used as a boat-house and place of observation; the other a favorite resort of the men who land the contraband goods, and a place of bargain with their customers. Taking the cigars from their place of concealment is also illustrated. In the one case they are being taken from the cabin of the fireman, and in the other removed by an officer from the bunk of an unsuspecting passenger.

THE GOLD IN THE DRAGON'S TEETH.

MORE than two hundred years ago, while yet the treasures of the New World poured copiously into the treasuries of the Old, before short-sighted rapacity and cruelty had either drained the fountain or taught the stoical savage to die rather than to enrich his tormentors with the secrets of the golden mountains, a fleet of six caravels, guarded by one stately galleon, sailed from the Habana for the port of Cadiz, each vessel loaded with treasures of gold and jewels sufficient for the ransom of an emperor. The voyage was most successfully pursued until the little fleet, leaving Madeira, with its azure peaks upon the weather-beam, began to anxiously expect the hail from the mast-head of the *Maria de Gloria*, which should announce the mountainous coast-line of Spain and southern Portugal visible upon the horizon; and yet, not one among the hundreds of longing hearts and watching eyes was ever destined to behold that welcome sight, for, within one day's sail of land, the treasure-fleet was caught in a hurricane, starting into life as a sirocco in the burning deserts of Africa, and ending in a tornado upon the vexed waters for ever lashing the Iberian coast. The galleon, too large and clumsy for her short-handed crew, became unmanageable directly, and the caravels, panic-stricken at the discomfiture of their leader, fluttered about her like chickens whose parent-hen is before their eyes caught in the talons of some bloodthirsty hawk and borne screaming aloft.

One man in the whole fleet retained his self-possession and courage, and he, unfortunately for others, fortunately for himself, was not a sailor, but a priest. He it was, who, as night fell, approached the helmsman of the *Maria de Gloria*, and mildly inquired:

"My son, what land is nearest in the course we are pursuing?"

"Cape St. Vincent, my father, and heaven be our help if we reach it," replied the sailor, clinging helplessly to the wheel, which no longer guided the disabled galleon.

"And why, my son?"

"Because, father, no craft could escape destruction, except by miracle, if once entangled in the reefs and kys off that terrible point."

"And yet, my son, the road to Paradise is no longer from Cape St. Vincent than from thy home in Cadiz, and the good Saint himself may haply pilot those thus thrown upon his charge into a safer and surer haven than they otherwise had found."

Few of the padre's words reached the ear of the panic-stricken mariner, but no doubt they helped his own heart, and let us hope that St. Vincent fulfilled the pious hope of his votary, when, three hours later, he and all who sailed in his company—officers, men, women and children—were hurled to one common destruction among the jagged, grinding and murderous rocks and reefs forming the

subaqueous termination of the Sierra de Monchique, and named, at the particular point to which the *Maria de Gloria* led her hapless convoy, the Dragon's Teeth. These teeth it was upon which she struck, and, dragon-like, they devoured both her and those who followed her, and that so completely, that the eyes of next day's morning found of galleon and caravels no more than splintered and twisted fragments, and of near a thousand human beings, no more than some shapeless and horrible remnants with which the yet angry waves sported for a while in fiendish exultation, then utterly destroyed. Besides the ships and the crews, with their passengers, remained the treasure, and this the waves contemptuously suffered to drop from their grasp and sink into the caverns and ravines above which they sported, for gold cannot be tossed from the crest of one wave to the next as can a splintered spar, and diamonds are not so amusing as dead men's eyes, or rubies so bright as the stain that the shark leaves upon the waves as he snatches the morsel it tosses towards him.

The Spanish Government was naturally sorry to lose its treasure; also it regretted the vessels: as for the men, why, all men must die, and these American adventurers were apt to bring home strange, independent notions, and wild ways of life, and men are nearly the only crops sure to yield good returns upon Spanish soil, and so the matter passed. As for doing anything about it, any attempt to regain the treasure, for instance, the Spanish genius does not lie in that direction, nor had submarine enterprise at that day reached the height it has to-day in any part of the world, so the Court regretted the matter in stately interchange of courteous phrase: the Jews gnashed their teeth as they counted up the sums they had advanced upon the golden freight of the lost fleet; some scores of widows wept frantically for three weeks, and were consoled on the fourth; some hundreds of orphans mourned more or less bitterly the loss of the fathers whose coming was to be the lightning of the heavy burden of poverty now crushing them yet more heavily than before; seven maidens, each encouraged by the other, declared themselves inconsolable at the loss of their lovers, and took the vows and white veils of novices in the same convent, and one young girl silently broke her heart and died—but she was very young and not very wise.

A hundred years passed away, and Geronymo Rozas, native of the town of Figuera, one of the last attempts which man has made to conquer savage and hostile nature upon the rocky peninsula known as Cape St. Vincent, sat himself down in the glitter of a summer sunset to meditate. The place the honest man had selected for this exercise was at once lonely and secure from intrusion, for it was the summit of a crag, isolated from the coast at high tide, and only just accessible at the moment when Geronymo crossed the dividing gulf between cliff and crag, and climbed to the summit of the latter. The spot was a wildly picturesque one, and yet it was not a purely artistic motive that had led the worthy Rozas to its selection, since, truth to tell, he did not know the meaning of either the word or the idea, and was simply desirous of an aerie whence he could spy the coast and inland in all directions, and be safe from unseen approach.

"And this is the place," soliloquized he, wiping his heated brow, as he neared the summit, and seating himself so that his figure should blend with the topmost pinnacle of the rock instead of contrasting with the evening sky. "Those cursed alguazils; they will never track me all these leagues, and now if I can but bring up enough of that same treasure to take me out of this country! Yes, I will go to the Indies, where gold is to be had for the picking-up, and where a man may have as many wives as he chooses to support. I was not to blame if that fool of a Manoel chose to object to my kissing his Dolores; it was his own lookout as to what should follow. I did not wish to kill him—I had no enmity to him; but I liked Dolores and she liked me, and old Anina cannot expect me to be always faithful to her, now that her money is all gone; and how like a jealous old woman it was to go spying and spying round until she found at what time and place I met Dolores, and then to set Manoel on the track! G-r-r-r! I only wish I had my old wife's throat between my teeth at this minute; I am only sorry that I did not see her and stab her, as I did Manoel, before I left the rendezvous; and no doubt she has laid the alguazils on my track already; but they will be looking for me at Santa Cruz, or on the road to Limona—they will never think of my wandering out here to the point of St. Vincent, among the gulls and garajao. They say there are demons among these rocks, but"—and the man looked first fearfully, and then defiantly, about him—"there will be nothing here worse than myself, I am right sure of that. Now, let me see, where are the marks my grandsire showed me, as he had them from his father, when he was a boy like me, he said? These rocks below me are the Dragon's Teeth, and it was between these two points that the hull of the *Maria de Gloria* was seen hanging just before she went to pieces. The smaller vessels drove further towards the shore the old man said, and the fishermen who watched from the cliffs here above could hear the Dragon's Teeth grinding and crunching at their prey, and the shrieks of the drowning men mingled with the howling of the tempest, and the winds, they said, sounded like the mad laughter of fiends among the rocks. Bah! My grandfather might have been a poet if heaven had not kindly compelled him to be a mule-driver instead. What an escape!" And Geronymo Rozas indulged in a short, hard laugh, then threw off his jesting mood with a backward fling of the hand, and began to examine the landmarks about him, knitting his brows and gnawing at his nether lip as he recalled the words spoken so long ago, and lying dormant in his mind ever since the day when both he and his grandsire in viewing the spot had decided, as the Spanish Government had decided before them, that it was impossible to even attempt the recovery of the treasure, or any part of it.

"But what a Spaniard dare not attempt a Portuguese may," again soliloquized the brave stabber of men; "and, besides, I am sure of death if I remain here many days: if the alguazils do not find me, the brothers of Manoel will, and I am a dead man. As well perish in the Dragon's Teeth, and perhaps snatch a fortune from among them and not perish. Now let me see: we agreed—the old mule-driver and I—that the one only chance was to wait until dead low tide, at the time when the tides are at their lowest course, and that is in this very month, and then to wade and swim and climb among and over those accursed teeth of a demon rather than a dragon, until one reaches that pair of Nippers which caught and crushed the *Maria de Gloria*; then, if one has the courage to dive into the mass of boiling foam that fills the gulf between the two, and does not split his skull upon some point of rock hidden beneath, he may possibly light upon the mass of bullion that must have dropped straight to the bottom when the old galleon went to pieces."

A desperate venture, a frightful risk, but a man

with the halter about his neck is brave in face of almost any other death, and Geronymo was not a coward in this sense of the word.

"Dead low water at four o'clock to-morrow morning," resumed he, after a gloomy pause. "So I may as well sleep while I can; the next sleep may be among the Dragon's Teeth. Bah! am I growing fanciful?—turning poet like my grandfather?"

And with a bitter laugh, Geronymo, after one long, comprehensive stare in every direction, clambered down from his aerie, coiled himself up in a dry hollow of the rocks, and in ten minutes slept as soundly as a baby, a pure maiden, or a saint.

Morning dawned gray and chill; the tide was out, and the bare black rocks stood up grinning and dripping, as if the dragon had indeed opened wide his mouth to devour an expected prey. The Portuguese rose from his lair, stripped off his clothes, except the broad belt about his waist, which he tightened abstractedly, and stood for a moment contemplating the scene with a sullen and desperate gaze. Then, with a muttered imprecation by way of prayer, he sprang down from the rock where he stood, and the next instant was battling with the boiling whirlpools that filled the gulfs between the rocks. Breathless, and all but exhausted, he reached the two spurs called the Nippers, between which the great treasure-ship had gone to pieces, and clambering upon one of these, he threw himself down to rest and to consider his further operations. The eastern sky was glorious with the clouds of sunrise; the tide had reached the moment of rest before turning; the time had come when the venture might be made under the most favorable auspices, and yet Geronymo, for the first time since undertaking it, was sorely minded to desert all, make his way back to terra-firma, and trust to luck, beggary and knavery to get out of the country, even without two coppers to jingle against each other in his pockets, for the sinking at his heart communicated itself in trembling to his limbs, his head swam, his lips turned dry, a panic desire to flee came over him, and for the moment the ruffian and bully, who had dared the fiercest bull in the ring and conquered him, and whose hand had ever been more than ready to support his abusive words, was a veritable coward.

Then came the revulsion; and muttering a torrent of fierce oaths and ejaculations, he started up, stood for a moment upon the base of the needle-like rock, and then clasping his hands above his head, dived boldly into the black and foam-flecked abyss of waters at his feet. Nearly a moment passed, and he reappeared, drawing his breath in a convulsive sob, and grasping something in each hand; crawling upon the rock, he looked at his treasures: the one was a barnacle-covered fragment of rock, the other a leaden box soldered at the top. Tossing the stone aside, Geronymo nodded approvingly at the box, and looked about him for a safe place to deposit it: in the seaward face of the spur of rock he found a deep hollow like a bucket, worn by the action of the waves which filled it at all times, except now in these neap tides, in which the water drained away through imperceptible crevices in the lower part. In this well Geronymo deposited his unknown treasure, and after a moment of preparation, dived again, this time carrying in his hand the end of a leather strap attached to his belt and finished with a slip-noose. His absence was longer this time than the first, and when he rose his face was purple, his eyes starting, and his chest labored with hoarse, rending gasps for breath. Bound in the slip-noose at the end of the strap were four short, thick bars of a dull yellow color, at which the adventurer gazed with savage joy, even before he could find strength to drag them up on the rock where he had flung his arms and body. Virgin gold, so pure that a century beneath the waves had not corroded or charged its sheen, and so heavy that the Portuguese must have struggled mightily to bring it to the surface.

For several moments he was content to lie there beside his treasure, one brawny hand resting fondly upon it, while lungs and heart came back by slow degrees to their usual rate of labor and endurance. But with returning vigor came returning greed, and carefully depositing the four ingots beside the box in the hollow of the rock, Geronymo stood up and cast one long, anxious look about him before venturing another dive, the last as he promised himself, although the heap of ingots below there felt very large, and no doubt there were more soldered caskets of diamonds, if he could but lay his hand upon them. But this should be the last dive; the risk was fearful; a cramp had touched him in the last trip, and he had but just missed a knifeblade of a rock, that would have pierced his skull like an onion if he had dived upon it. Yes, this should be the last trip, and once more he looked slowly about him. There in the east the sun was rising, his glowing disk just showing its upper segment upon the horizon; the tide had turned and perceptibly risen upon the foot of the rock, and at the top of the cliffs, upon the landward side, appeared two figures, men wearing some uniform or ornament that glittered in the first level rays of sunshine. At these figures Geronymo looked long and steadily, then muttered:

"The alguazils! But they will not see me with the sun in their eyes, and I shall dive all the same. When I come up I will land on the other side of the rock, and hide until they are gone. It is worth the risk."

And drawing a long breath, he dived. The men upon the cliff, shading their eyes with their hands, were looking down upon the Dragon's Teeth, and the younger exclaimed:

"Santa Maria! What was it that flung itself into the water off there by the Nippers? If it should be our man!"

"Idiot!" retorted the elder. "Is this Rozas furnished with wings like a bat? If not, how could he come out there, when no boat could live for a moment? You are like a young donkey, Juan, starting at your own shadow."

"Wait a moment, nevertheless, Uncle Baptist," replied Juan, his eyes fixed upon the Nippers. "I saw something."

A minute, two minutes, three and five minutes passed, but Juan, although never removing his gaze, saw nothing more than the black and foam-flecked waters, as they swirled and boiled in the narrow pass between the two jaws of the Nippers, and at last, reluctantly yielding to the jeering command of his elder, followed him down the cliff to search the shore. They soon found the garments Geronymo had cast aside before dashing into the waves; but, although they watched all that day, and returned later, never did they discover what had become of the fugitive—never did the Dragon's Teeth relinquish any fragment of the prey they had devoured.

Again the monotonous years rolled on, singly, by tens, by twenties, until almost another century had passed over the Dragon's Teeth, the buried treasures of the *Maria de Gloria* and the crumbling bones of Geronymo Rozas, when again a solitary figure stood upon the cliff whence Juan, the alguazil, had watched for the reappearance of the flashing white figure he had vaguely seen disappearing beneath the waves. He was a young man young

beautiful and loving, her name Dolores, as it chanced, oddly enough, considering that she was the great-grandchild of Geronymo Rozas, who had loved and sinned and died, all for a woman named Dolores. She was waiting in this lonely place for her lover, and presently he came leaping up the rocks from the shore, where he had left his boat in a quiet little nook known only to himself, and almost the only landing place to be found in miles of that stormy coast. Dolores moved towards him with bashful eagerness, and they met after the fashion of lovers from time immemorial. Five minutes later the girl began to weep, as her griefs again rose in the ascendant, and her lover, not so much surprised as sorry, drew her the closer to his heart, while asking:

"Is there no hope, then, my darling, of gaining time? Do they still press this odious marriage?"

"Yes, Sergio," sobbed the girl, despairingly. "My mother told me, just before I left the house, that all was now arranged between my father and old Seal, and that I was to be married to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. I threw myself upon my knees and wept, and caught my mother's hands in mine, and prayed her by all that we hold sacred not to sell her only child to this horrible old man—not to condemn me to a lifelong slavery and degradation. She wept with me, the dear, loving mother, but she said, what I knew before, that she was powerless in my father's hands: she is as much his slave as I should be Roberto Seal's if I married him; and my father is ruined altogether, and disgraced besides, if he does not have the thousand milreis that Seal has promised him upon my wedding-day. I suspect, Sergio, that my father has done something in his office in the custom-house that needs money to cover it up; for mamma said it was not greediness, but a matter of life and death, that this thousand milreis was to satisfy."

"Very likely, my darling, very likely; and, although I do not love your father, I would gladly give him this thousand milreis, if everything I have in the world would make up the sum; but you know that beyond my boat and my nets and these two stout arms, I have nothing—nothing in the world but a heart full of love for Dolores."

An interval easily to be imagined followed this declaration, and then Sergio began again:

"And now, my own, remember your promise!"

"Oh, Sergio! is it right?"

"It is right and it is necessary, and it is a promise," replied the lover, with that decisiveness which women love. "You promised me that when it came to the last moment, and all other means had failed to avert this evil marriage, that you would fly with me, become my wife, and trust to the good God and to me not to let you starve."

"I am not afraid of that, or anything, Sergio, so long as I am with you and you love me," murmured Dolores; and so laudable a sentiment involved another interval.

"Now listen to me," resumed the lover, at length. "My plan is all arranged, for I foresaw this. To-morrow morning at four o'clock is full tide, and the waters about the Dragon's Teeth are at their stillest; at that hour I will be in my boat in the cove below: you will meet me there. We will get out from this place at the first of the ebb, and before night will have reached Praya, on the other side of the cape, where my old friend Cristofor and his wife will make us welcome, and where we will be married. Afterwards we may settle at Praya, or return to Figuerinha, as matters turn out. You understand all this, my own love?"

His own love understood and agreed to all, wept a little more, allowed herself to be comforted, and so they parted, Dolores to hasten fleet-footed over the mountain homeward, and Sergio to pull and sail back to the hamlet of Figuerinha, or little Figuera, where he dwelt and plied the craft of fisherman.

Now, punctuality we all confess to be a virtue, but virtues run mad cease to be desirable; and when two persons agree to meet each other at four o'clock in the morning, it does not mean half-past three, and yet it was hardly that hour, or, rather, half-hour, of the next day, when Dolores Rozas stood upon the cliff, her crimson saya, fluttering about her shapely limbs, and the hood of her blue capote thrown back, as she placed her hands above her eyes, and peered out through the lingering shadows of night to catch the first glimpse of Sergio's white-winged boat. Hardly had she time to inwardly reproach her lover with less impatience than her own before the gleam of the white sail proved that her unpunctual haste was emulated by another, and a smile and a blush replaced the tearful frown gathering above Dolores's great black eyes. Her first impulse was to hasten down to the cove and welcome her lover, her second to wait upon the cliff until he should be near enough to answer her greeting; and better had it been for both, in one way at least, had she followed the first intention, for, as the little boat came bounding on before the fresh breeze of morning, Sergio, raising his eyes to take the bearings of the cliff, caught sight of a fluttering saya, or white handkerchief, waving toward him, and a face dimly seen but plainly recognized. He saw, he smiled joyfully, and, snatching the red cap from the thick curls whereon it jauntily rested, he waved it above his head; it was the moment for which the malign guardian of the spot had watched. A sudden flaw of the wind, a sudden swirl of the strong current setting in towards the rocks, tore the rudder from the loosened grasp of the helm-man, wrenched the bows of the little craft from their course, pointed them straight upon the Dragon's Teeth, and sent her flying forward as if hurled from a giant's hand. Dolores uttered one piercing shriek, one woman-like cry of "Oh, it was all my fault, mine!" and fell upon her knees, partly in supplication, partly because she was really unable to stand. The next instant the little boat, lifted upon the crest of a great wave, rose half out of the water like a rearing horse, and then plunging forward, struck with full force upon the outer jaw of the Nippers, and crushed like an eggshell, her puny fragments floating for a moment, then to be dispersed and ground to atoms precisely as the more ponderous ruins of the great galleon had done upon the same spot two hundred years before. Sergio, powerless to control his little craft, had given the last precious moment of her career to thought of his own safety, and at the moment when she struck upon the rock, his little form flew through the air as if the shock had been an explosion, and lighted—arms, legs and clinging body, all serving as so many grappling-irons—upon the sharp crest of the rock, of which some feet still remained uncovered, although the tide was now all but full. So soon as breath returned to his body, the athletic young fellow clambered to a more assured position, and, after a moment's inspection, convinced himself that the vantage-ground thus obtained was at least tenable, if not luxurious, and that the patient endurance of a few hours would give him a chance, at low tide, of somehow reaching the shore, even though he brought nothing but his life out of the adventure.

His mind relieved, the next object was to communicate his cheerful views to Dolores, but this, for a long time, proved almost a hopeless effort, for the poor child's tear-bitten eyes had failed to catch Sergio's notable leap, and at the moment

when the boat went to pieces she had fallen forward upon her face, only desiring that some kind fate would sweep her from the brow of the cliff and send her to rejoin Sergio. A little later, however, this mood gave way to that of restless effort, and, starting up, she was about to walk down to the shore, when the handkerchief her lover had been frantically waving for five minutes caught her eye, and the delightful revulsion of feeling in seeing that he was alive was almost assurance of his safety to the excited mind of the young girl. Communication was established, the quick wits and facile gestures of a Southern elme soon effected the rest, and before very long Dolores perfectly understood that she was to come down to the shore and conceal herself, and that when the tide had ebbed to its lowest point Sergio expected to be able to rejoin her. Dolores eagerly signaled her consent to everything, and then while daintily picking her way down the steep pathway to the shore she stopped, thought a moment, and laughed aloud. Of course; high tide at four, low tide at ten, and precisely at the hour when that hideous old Seal would be awaiting her at the altar she should be welcoming her rescued lover to her arms, and setting forth with him upon a journey none the less delightful that it must now be performed on foot and in deepest poverty. Poverty suggests hunger, and Dolores was presently glad to perceive that the rocks about her were thickly set with little shellfish, some of which she broke off and ate, hoping the while that Sergio might be similarly provided, and saving all the best and largest of her own store in case he should not be.

The sun rose, the heat of the Southern day began to make itself felt, and the young fisherman upon his naked and uncomfortable perch was more than once obliged to dip his body, and especially his head, beneath the water to keep from scorching outright. Even this relief, however, was accompanied with imminent danger, for the waves tossed, and snatched, and dashed against the Dragon's Teeth even on this mild Summer morning, more like wild beasts eager for prey than like the soft luxurious waters of more favored portions of that Southern coast. Sergio was strong, and young, and full of courage, but every one of these qualities was tried to the utmost before his experienced eye told him by the sun that it was ten o'clock, and by the sea that the lowest point of the ebb was reached. Then, with one last reassuring gesture to Dolores, he began his descent from the shelf of rock where he had rested during the last hour, and between which and the jutting base of the crag lay a smooth upright wall of black and slippery rock, down which he must go at the risk of slipping past the ledge at the base, and finding himself without preparation in the boiling waters of the gulf, between the two jaws of the Nippers. A little at one side Sergio perceived a hollow, apparently a little cave wrought by the action of the waves upon some softer portion of the rock, and towards this he aimed, thinking that it would be better to slip into this hole than into the water at least, and that from its edge he could take a new departure. No sooner said than done, and the next moment found our young adventurer standing, with rather a startled expression of countenance, in the bucket-like cavity he had aimed for, quite safe except for something that had fallen across the top of his feet, and wedged them into the hole in rather an uncomfortable fashion. Sitting upon the edge of the basin, Sergio carefully brought down his hands to the rescue of his feet, and dragging out the detaining substance, was about to toss it aside into the water, but for something peculiar in its appearance, which induced a second look. A short, thick bar of metal, dull yellow in color, and only slightly corroded by two hundred years of submersion. Sergio looked and looked again, then turned as pale as the rich brown of his complexion would allow, and hastily drawing his long knife from its sheath in his trousers, he scraped away a little portion of the soft metal, disclosing the mellow tint of the virgin ore beneath.

"Gold!" gasped Sergio, and for a moment felt so weak and sick that one little wave, one puff of wind, might have dashed him and his new hopes to destruction, leaving the gold in the Dragon's Teeth to tempt yet another man to his death. But winds and waves were restrained from further mischief, and one soon becomes accustomed to the most wonderful good fortune, so that in a little while Sergio was quite able to explore the treasure well and bring to light the remaining ingots and the leaden box, none of them diminished in value since the day when Geronimo Rozas gave his life for them. By the time all were brought out, no time remained to lose, for the tide was already turning, and the peaceful moments of slack water were all but spent. Hope gives strength, and new possibilities give courage to face intervening dangers, so that Sergio, his gold secured upon his back, and the case of diamonds in his breast, set about his perilous enterprise of reaching the land with every augury of success, and although like many another man he found the weight of riches rather dangerous to safety, he succeeded in performing the passage with but one misadventure: in breasting the stormy waves of the last deep gully between him and the shore, the case of diamonds slipped from his breast and was hopelessly lost; but a moment later Sergio, with life and the ingots still safe, reached the beach, and was clasped in the arms of Dolores.

All the better that he lost the diamonds, too, for they would have made him a very wealthy man, and so have lifted him above the necessity of labor, without giving him the education or taste befitting a life of ease, whereas the gold only made him the most prosperous fisherman and land-owner in his native province, relieved Dolores's father from his merited embarrassments, and raised the whole family to a station as high as they could respectably fill, and which their children still continue to occupy at this very day.

MAN NOT DEGENERATING.

NEVER was there a delusion with less evidence for it, says the London *Spectator*, except a permanent impression among mankind, which is often the result, not of accumulated experience, but of an ever-renewing discontent with the actual state of things. There is not the slightest evidence anywhere that man was ever bigger, stronger, swifter or more enduring, under the same conditions of food and climate, than he is now.

As to bigness, the evidence is positive. Modern Egyptians are as big as the mummies who were conquerors in their day, and modern Englishmen are bigger. There are not in existence a thousand coats of armor which an English regiment could put on. Very few moderns can use ancient swords, because the hilts are too small for their hands. Endless wealth and skill were expended in picking gladiators, and there is no evidence that a man among them was as big or as strong as Shaw. No skeleton, no statue, no picture, indicates that men in general were ever bigger. The Jews of to-day are as large as they were in Egypt, or larger. The people of the Romagna have all the bearing and

more than the size of the Roman soldiery. No feat is recorded as usual with Greek athletes which English acrobats could not perform now.

There is no naked savage tribe which naked Cornishmen or Yorkshiremen could not strangle. No race exists of which a thousand men similarly armed would defeat an English or German or Russian regiment of equal numbers. Nothing is recorded of our forefathers here in England which Englishmen could not do, unless it be some feats of archery, which were the results of a long training of the eye continued for generations. The most civilized and luxurious family that ever existed, the European royal caste, is physically as big, as healthy and as powerful as any people of whom we have any account that science can accept. Thiers's Frenchman is Caesar's Gaul in all bodily conditions, and with an increased power of keeping alive, which may be partly owing to improved conditions of living, but is probably owing still more to developed vitality. There is no evidence that even the feeble races are feebler than they became after their first acclimatization.

The Bengalee was what we know him twelve hundred years ago, and the Chinaman was represented on porcelain, just as he is now, before the birth of Christ. No race has multiplied like the Anglo-Saxon, which has had no advantages of climate, and till lately no particular advantage of food. Physical condition depends on physical conditions, and why should a race better fed, better clothed and better housed than it ever was before degenerate? Because it eats corn instead of berries? Compare the California and the Digger Indian. Because it wears clothes? The wearing of clothes, it burdensome—which the experience of army doctors in India as to the best costume for marching makes excessively doubtful, they declaring unanimously that breechesmen suffer from varicose veins, as men wearing trousers do not—must operate as a permanent physical training. You carry weight habitually. Because they keep indoors? Compare English professionals with Tasmanian savages, living in identically the same climate, but living out of doors.

The conditions of civilization not only do not prohibit Captain Webb, who would have out-walked, out-swum, or strangled any German that Tacitus ever romanced about, but they enable him to live to 70 instead of dying at 45, as 2,000 years ago he, then probably a slave bred for the arena, would have done.

That the human race, even under the best conditions, advances very little in physical capacities, is true; but then it is true also that those conditions are fatal to the most powerful of the old improving forces, the survival of the fittest. Still an advance is perceptible in vital power, and we question whether a Greek swimmer would ever have crossed from Dover to Calais, just as strongly as we question whether the ancient world ever possessed a horse which would have achieved a place at Epsom. Why should men grow feeble in civilization any more than horses?

ITALIAN ALPS—THE BRENTA GROUP.

THE Eastern Alps could scarcely have put forward a nobler champion than the range before us. Primiero and Auronzo may perhaps equal the marvelous skyline; but they offer nothing to rival the symmetry of the whole mass of the Brenta as it rises above Val Nambino. Consider the lowest stories of the huge edifice. The slope is not monotonous in uniformity, yet the platforms which break it are too narrow to diminish by foreshortening the apparent height of the summits. From our feet rise powerful spurs, below dark with pines, above bare and white; their form is simple and severe, but every shifting light brings out fresh details in the fretwork which time has carved deeply into their sides. Like the flying buttresses of some vast cathedral they lead the eye up to the straight perpendicular lines of the crowning towers. When we come to study the range more generally, what incomparable variety of beauty! On the west lies a green, open Alpine valley. The Lago di Molveno reflects in its blue mirror the eastern crags. The southern slopes are a rich tangle of vines and chestnuts; the beeches push up and dispute with the pines the inner glens; the cyclamens and gentians gird with successive belts of brightness the mountain form. The traveler, when he penetrates the fantastic chain, finds himself at first in narrow glens watered by clear streams, now smooth-flowing over lawns of the softest turf, now dancing through beechwoods, now plunging deep into some miniature ravine hung with mosses and bright-berried ashes. He forgets, in the charm of what is near at hand, what he came to see. Then suddenly through the tree-tops an incredible yellow flame, set for ever between the green and blue, recalls the presence of the Dolomites, and urges him to further exertion. He climbs a steep barrier, and the pinnacles range themselves as portions of a vast amphitheatre of rock. He advances a few hundred yards further along the level, and the scene is changed. One solitary tower overclimbs the clouds, and mixes with the sky. A second ascent brings another shift. Rocks, gray, gold, red, brown and black, cluster round his bewildered eyes, and he begins to doubt whether the scene is a solid reality or some Alastor-inspired vision of solitude. Then, after wandering all the morning between red rocks and over two or three hours of ice, he may find himself in the evening amongst figs, olives and lemon-groves.

WHAT TO DO WITH ILLUSTRATED PAPERS.

AFTER your own family have finished reading illustrated newspapers, the very best thing to do with them, is, of course, to send them to some one who cannot afford the luxury of buying them, or to the prison libraries; but it often happens that odd numbers lie around the house, and are torn up or burned up, simply because one does not know what to do with them. A very pretty use for odd pictures and prints of all sizes and descriptions is to make them into Christmas books for children. It is a pretty work for your own children to do, and they make tasteful and valuable presents for the children of friends. The following directions may, perhaps, assist the young people in preparing a pleasant surprise for some one whom they love. Take one yard of blue glazed muslin of a pretty shade, one of pink and one of white; fold into six squares, unless your pictures are very large, when four squares will probably answer. Lay them one upon the other and stitch one side firmly together; then taking a sharp pair of scissors, cut the three remaining margins in even and regular points. Now trim your pictures neatly, and arrange the third page, leaving the outside leaf for a cover. The pictures should be put on with starch, laying them face down upon the table and brushing the backs evenly and quickly with the starch, then lifting and placing where you wish to have them, leaving a margin of about an inch of the colored cambric around the edge of the pictures. When

the page is arranged and partly dry, it should be pressed with a warm iron. If the pictures are small, several can be nicely grouped together, or one large one and two smaller will often do nicely upon the same page. The cover can be decorated in rather different fashion, by having the edge plain and loop-stitching a border in colored worsted, and pasting a name and inscription in letters also cut from headings of papers. With a little exercise of ingenuity a very pretty thing can be made of waste pictures which are really too good to throw away. —*Boston Transcript*.

THE ZUIDERZEE.

HUMAN lives, though short, are still long enough to witness the birth, the mature vigor, the decrepitude and death of many plants and animals. The rise and fall of nations and races, the foundation, prosperity and decay of cities demand greater longevity for us to observe them in our own proper persons. Important topographical revolutions are mostly effected still more slowly. Holland presents us with those events compressed into an unusually short space of time. The Zuiderzee is of quite recent formation. It is the very youngest sea in Europe, not having acquired its full development until the close of the thirteenth century. When the Romans penetrated into these Northern wilds, the present vast gulf was covered with dense forests. Bears and wolves disputed with man whatever game might lurk within them. In the midst of all was a great lake, the Flevo, mentioned by Tacitus, communicating with the sea by a river, which was called by the Romans Flevoium, and which, perhaps, is the Medemelach of the Frisians, but whose course it is now impossible to trace. The lake, swollen by the rivers Amstel and Yssel (especially after Drusus Nero had diverted into the latter a portion of the Rhine waters), burst its bounds, converted woods into swamps, and soon became the Zuiderzee.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE WAR IN HERZEGOVINA, whether it shall or shall not lead to a great decisive Eastern war, has already yielded many incidents for illustration in the European pictorial papers. To day we select for reproduction a sketch of Turkish soldiers bringing in prisoners.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.—Our two illustrations of this expedition represent—on the three ships, the *Vahmon*, the *Svea* and the *Discovery* as they lay together at God-haven, Disco Island, for several days while the stores of coal and other provisions brought out to the two latter vessels by the *Vahmon* were being transferred to them; and the other, the English strangers fraternizing with the Greenland girls, who are dressed in their sealskin trousers, below which, at the knees are baggy stockings of white catgut, inclosed in moccasins, dyed of some bright color. These Northern damsels are very fond of dancing, and they enjoyed this pastime with the English officers and sailors, who, with the heavy sea-boots which they wore, could hardly keep up with their lively partners.

THE FAIR OF EDINBURGH AT THE GREAT FAIR OF NINE-Novgorod.—His Royal Highness presided a week at the great annual fair in this singular town of Old Russia, arriving there on the 20th of August. The Duke was heartily welcomed by the assembled merchants, who entertained him with a banquet in the grand hall of the market-house. The iron merchants also gave him a luncheon in a pavilion of iron which they erected for the purpose. This pavilion resembled in shape a turreted mansion. The turrets were built up of bar-iron (the bars being laid crosswise over each other, with the ends projecting), and surmounted by battlements, which were represented by iron buckets. The body of the castle was of sheet-iron, while iron baskets and buckets turned over made extremely pretty ornaments round the arches of the doors and windows. The whole of this had been built in three days and three nights. It inclosed a room 100 feet long by 50 wide, tastefully hung with striped stuffs, and decorated with flags.

THE IRON AND STEEL INSTITUTE, a scientific and industrial association, which met early in September at Manchester, England, entertained its members and guests, not only with discussions at Owen's College, but also with visits of inspection to the principal machine and engine factories, and some of the cotton factories and print-works, in the neighborhood of Manchester, with dinners and luncheons, and with a brilliant conversation in the Town Hall of Manchester. The scene at the conversation is represented in our engraving.

THE DONCASTER RACES took place during the week ending September 18th, with a greater concourse than usual of the people belonging to the English horse-fanciers world. An idea of the rush and hurry of the occasion can be formed from the animated scene outside the Doncaster Railway Station at the arrival of a train, as presented in the illustration.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

NEW YORK CITY.—Miss Kellogg, having the operatic field to herself this season, is preparing for a brilliant opening at Booth's Theatre, October 11th. The well-balanced company of last year will be retained, and Miss Van Zandt, Montague, Beaumont and Seguin will be members. An excellent chorus and orchestra have been secured. The new opera is promised, Balie's "Lily of Killarney," which is full of the melody which characterizes all the works of the author of the "Bohemian Girl." The Lyceum was crowded during last week, "La Fille de Madame Angot" being the attraction. This week we are to have "Girolo Girolo," with Gouffroy, Nardyn, Miles, Lucie Faye, De Quercy, Darcey, Duplan, Castel, and the other favorites. "Our Boys" is another success scored by the management of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. "Standing room only," is becoming the stereotyped placard that greets the tardy visitor to the theatre. "The Mighty Dollar" is the most popular piece yet produced at the Park Theatre, "by a large majority." Florence's impersonation of the Hon. Bartwell Slat is a triumph of dramatic art. George Belmore, who made his debut at Booth's on September 20th, has achieved a pronounced success by his careful and artistic acting of the character of Ned Galling in the "Flying Scud." Mr. J. T. Raymond closed a seven-weeks' engagement at the Union Square Theatre on Saturday, October 2d. His engagement proved that *Colonel Sellers* is as attractive as ever. The regular season at the Union Square commenced on Monday, October 4th, when the favorite play "Lad Astray" was revived. "Wallack's reopened on Tuesday, October 5th, with "The Overland Route." It has been thoroughly renovated and redecorated, and is fully prepared to sustain its old reputation. Miss Teresa Titiens has arrived among us, and has met with a cordial reception, and charmed all who have met her. She commences her series of concerts at Steinway Hall on October 4th. Miss Sophia Flora Hellborn, the pianiste, gives a concert at Irving

Hall on Tuesday evening, October 12th, assisted by Miss Matilda Hoffman, Miss A. Beere, Signor G. Tagliapietra, Edward Mollenhauer, Charles Verner, and others.

PROVINCIAL.—Lawrence Barrett enacted *Henri de La-gardie* in "The Duke's Motto," at the California Theatre, San Francisco, last week. "The Irish Heiress," with Charles Warren, William Warren, W. J. Le Moine, Miss Annie Clarke and other favorites in the cast, was the attraction at the Boston Museum last week. Oliver Bond Byron is playing "Donald McKay" at De Bar's Opera House, St. Louis. The Mexican Juvenile Opera Company are performing at the National Theatre, Washington. "Our Boys" continues to draw crowded houses at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Mr. George Rignold closed an engagement at Ford's Opera House, Baltimore, on Saturday night, October 2d. Miss Susan Denim, supported by Morris & Whiteley's Dramatic Company, is performing in the Northwest. Little Eldridge brought out a new play entitled "Temple," at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., on September 20th. Bidwell's Academy of Music, New Orleans, opened on September 19th. Sheridan & Mack's combination appeared. The Vokes Family are delighting the citizens of Cincinnati, by their performances at the Grand Opera House. Miss Minnie Palmer will appear at Pittsburgh, on November 1st, in a new play written expressly for her, entitled "Little Silver." "As You Like It," with Miss Elsie E. Ellis as *Rosalind*; H. J. Pendleton, as *Orlando*, and J. E. Whiting, as *Jacquess*, has been very successful at the Euclid Avenue Opera House, Cleveland. Miss Jane Combs closed a week's engagement at Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., on September 25th. Frank Mayo appeared at Cleveland on October 4th, in his charming character of *Dary Crockett*. The first representation on any stage of Tennyson's tragedy of "Queen Mary" was given at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on October 4th, with Miss Augusta Dargon in the title role. Katie Putnam closed a two-weeks' engagement at the Albany Opera House on September 25th. Miss Agnes Ethel made her *rebutie* on the stage in the character of *Frou-Frou*, at the opening of the Brooklyn Theatre, October 4th. Mrs. F. W. Lynder has written a play called "Edge Tools." Miss Charlotte Casman will pass the Winter in Philadelphia. The Julia Matthews English Opera Troupe opened at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on October 4th. Miss Charlotte Thompson played "Jane Eyre" at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, last week. Miss Clara Louise Kellogg sang at Music Hall, Boston, September 30th. Miss Matilde Phillips sails for this country early in November, and will make her debut in English Opera, at Boston.

FOREIGN.—Irving is playing *Macbeth* at the Lyceum, London. Mr. Tom Taylor is writing a new play for Miss Neilson, in which she is to appear at the Haymarket in the Winter. Carl Rosa's English Opera Company are at the Princess Theatre, London. Rose Hersee is the prima donna. The new opera-house now in course of erection in London will be the largest in Europe, except the San Carlo of Naples. Miss Edith Wynne is shortly to be married to a Mr. Aviet Agale, an American about to practice at the English bar. Ada Cavendish, a well-known London actress, is soon to visit this country. She is young, fair and very handsome. Mr. Charles Matthews is playing a short engagement at the Gaiety, London, prior to his departure for India. A new comic drama by Mr. Byron will be produced at the Gaiety, London, early in December, with Mr. Toole in the principal character. J. S. Clarke closed a successful engagement at the Haymarket on October 2d. London is being entertained with plays that are familiar on this side of the ocean. They have "The Shaughraun" at Drury Lane, "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" at the Olympic, "Across the Continent" at the Mirror, "Little Em'ly" at the Adelphi, "The Two Orphans" at the Standard, and "Our Boys" at the Vaudeville. Judie has refused the most flattering offers to come to this country. She prefers to spend her butterfly existence between Paris and St. Petersburg. It is said \$500 a night was offered her. Gounod, the famous composer, is devoting his attention to a new opera, in five acts founded on Dumas's novel "Henri III., et sa Cour." Fifty five pounds is the modest sum fixed by Wagner as the price of a stall for the first performance of the four night opera, the "Nibelungen Ring" at Bayreuth, next August.

FUN.

It is hard to tell which will bring the most pleasant expression into a woman's face—to tell her that her baby is heavy or her bread light.

It is stated that the Philadelphia confectioner who advertises "Centennial Kisses" can't sell any. They are too old. The 16-als are preferred by men of taste.

"Have you caught any fish, Bub?" asked a gentleman of a small urchin that was fishing. "Yes, sir, a good eel," said he, exhibiting one about eighteen inches long.

A LITTLE five-year-old, gazing upon an old picture of his mother, taken in a low dress, remarked, "Mamma, you was mos' ready for bed when yat picter was taken."

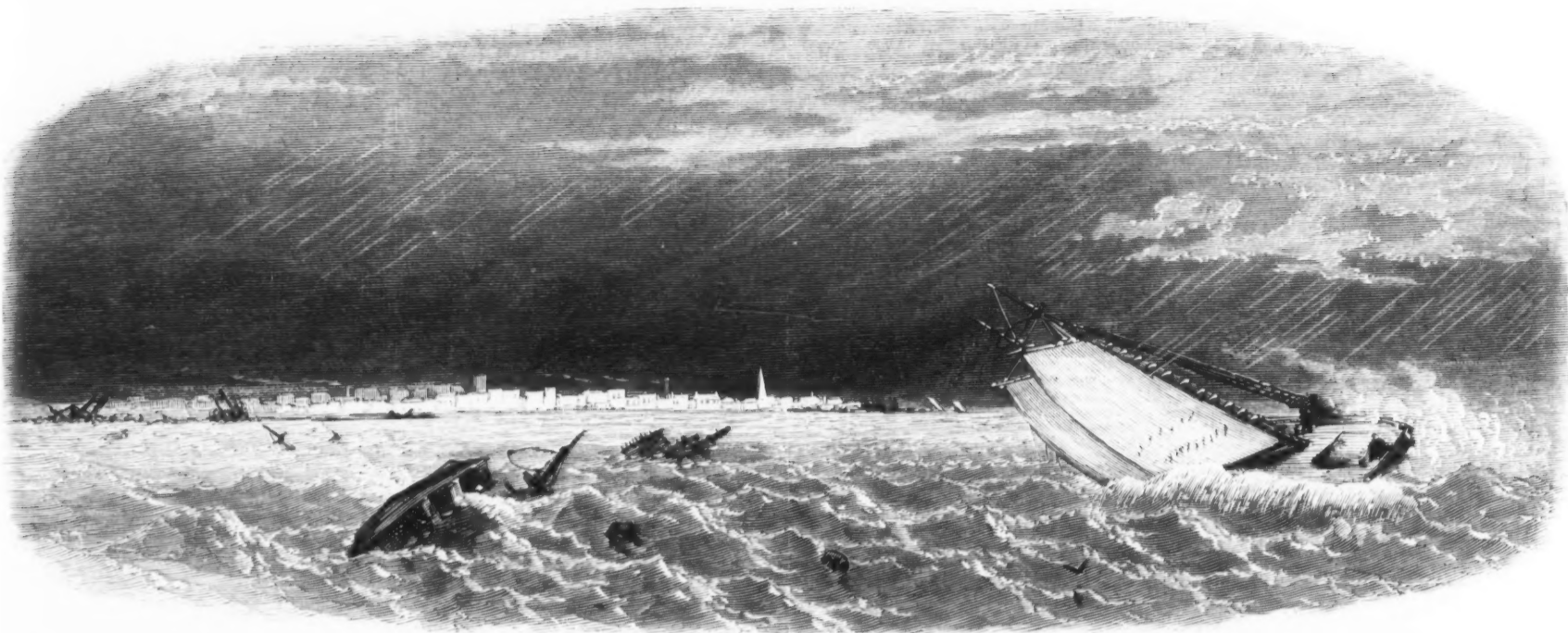
A MAN rushed breathlessly into a lawyer's office in St. Paul, and approaching the legal luminary, excitedly remarked: "A man has tied a hoop to my horse's tail. Can I do anything?" "Yes," replied the attorney, "go and untie it."

An American Judge was obliged to sleep with an Irishman in a crowded hotel, when the following conversation ensued: "Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could have slept with a Judge; would you not, Pat?" "Yes, Yer Honor," said Pat; "and I think Yer Honor would have been a long time in the O'd Country before y'd been a Judge, too."

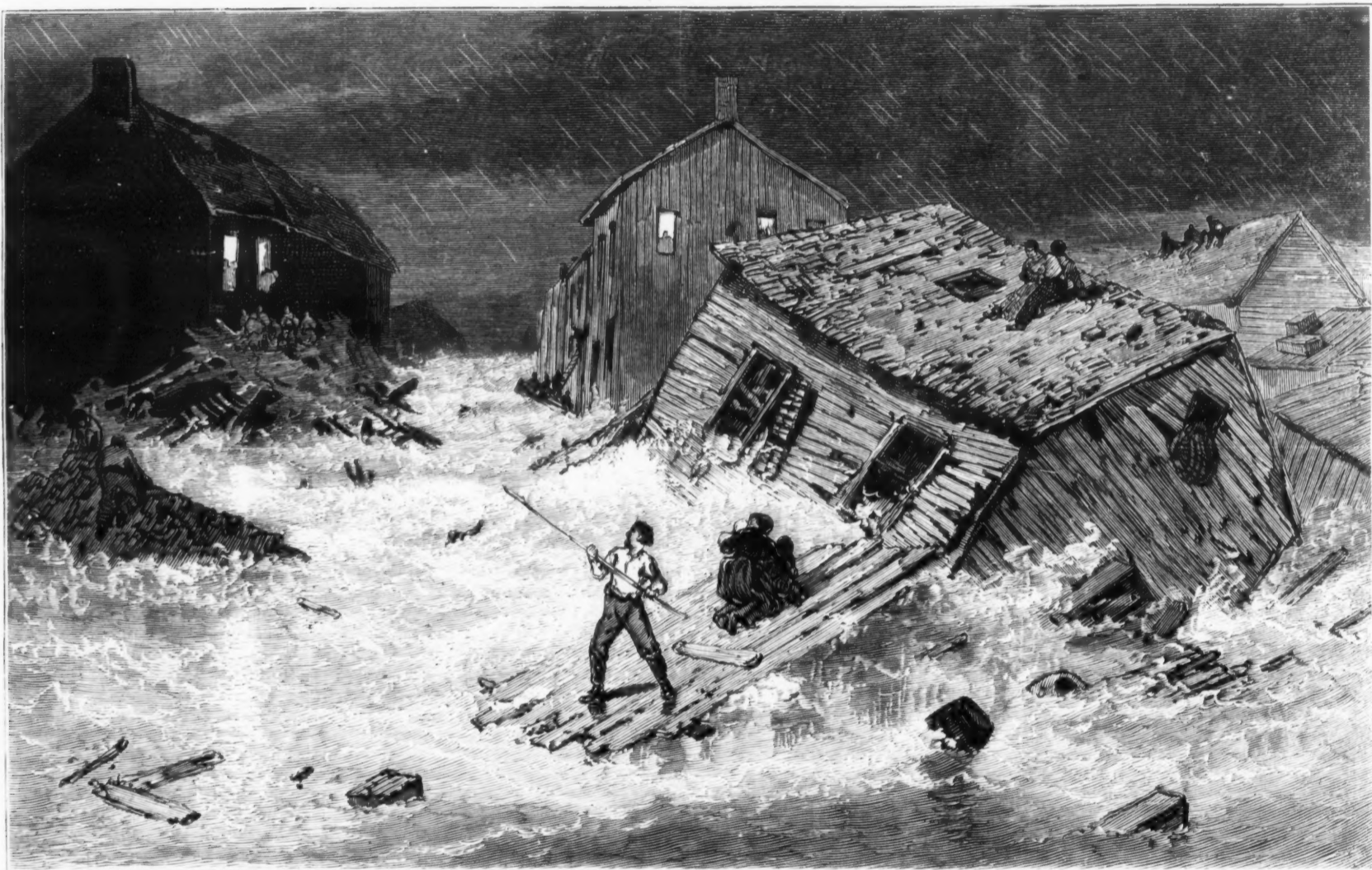
A CLERGYMAN, meeting a little boy of his acquaintance, said: "This is quite a stormy day, my son?" "Yes, sir," answered the boy, "this is quite a wet rain." The clergyman, thinking to rebuke such hyperbole, asked if he knew of any other than a wet rain. "I never knew personally of any other," returned the boy; "but I have read in a certain book when it rained fire and brimstone, and I guess that was not a very wet rain."

"Have you any five-cent cigars?" "Yes, sir," replied the clerk. "Have you any for ten cents?" "Yes, sir." "Have you any for fifteen cents?" pursued the would be purchaser. "Yes, sir, we have," said the clerk, handing out a box. "Would you take a fellow's last cent for a cigar?" rather indignantly queried the customer. "Yes, I would!" snappishly returned the clerk. "Well, there it is," solemnly said the stranger as he deposited one cent on the counter, and walked off with a fifteen-cent cigar.

JIMMIE WHARTON, who was supposed to be a pretty fast man, was recently married. On the morning after the wedding the lady asked her husband to perform an office of the toilet for her, made necessary by the absence of her maid. Her husband did it willingly, and when it was concluded was astonished to find his pretty wife in tears. "Why, my own precious," said he, "what is the matter with her hubby's pet?" "Oh, Jimmie, Jimmie!" replied the poor girl, crying as if her heart would break. "If you hadn't laced a thousand corsets you never could have done it like that!"



SCENE IN THE BAY OF GALVESTON.



THE DEVASTATION AT INDIANOLA.



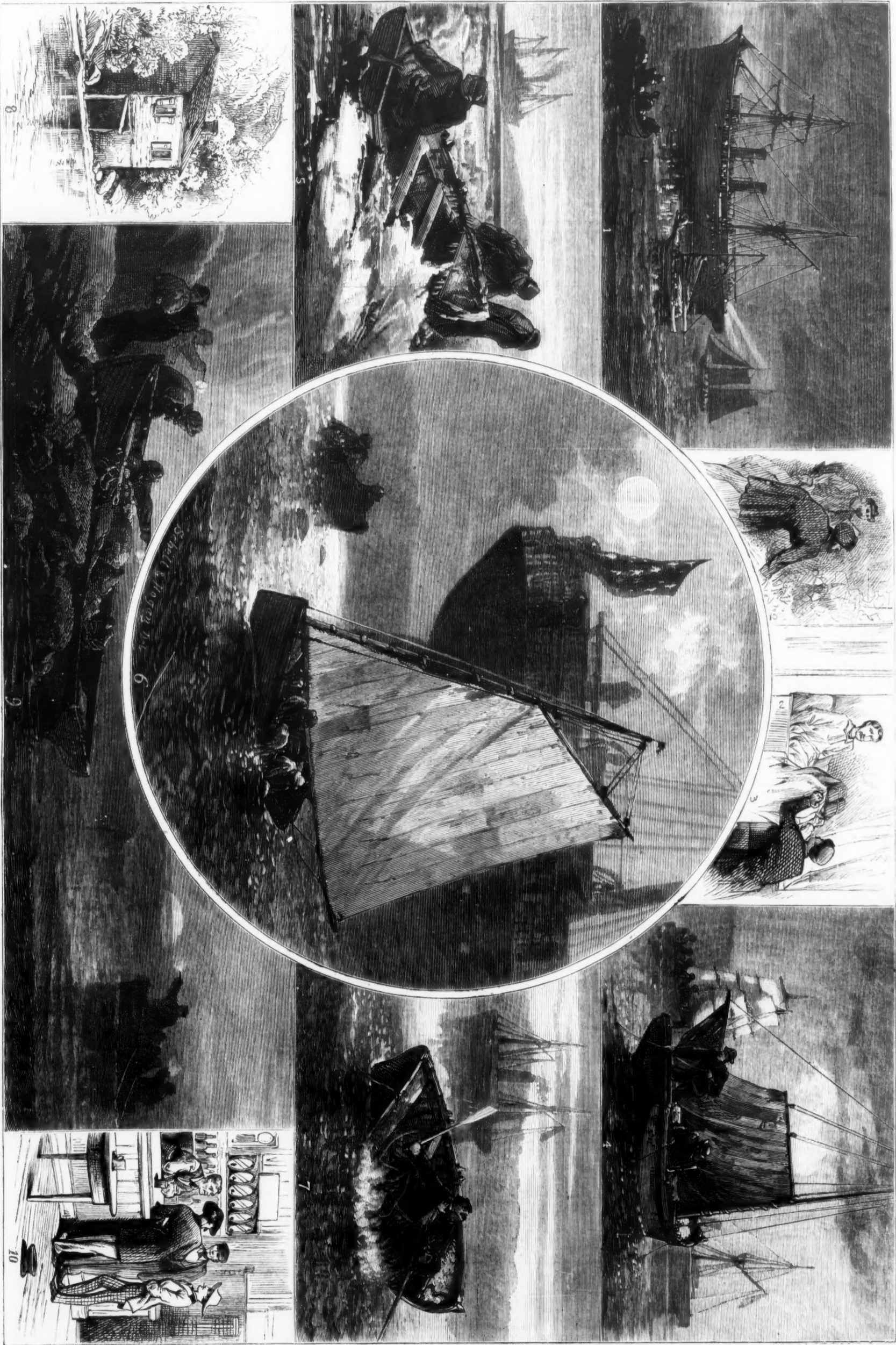
SCENE ON THE PRAIRIE SOUTH OF INDIANOLA SIX MILES INLAND.



MAP OF TEXAS AND THE GULF OF MEXICO.

THE RECENT CYCLONE IN SOUTHERN TEXAS ALONG THE BORDERS OF THE GULF OF MEXICO.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. BENNETT.—SEE PAGE 91.

1. Signaling Smugglers. 2-3. Hiding places. 4. Smugglers Disguised as Fishermen. 5. Winter Work. 6. Picking up Cigars thrown overboard by Accomplish. 7. Tragic End of a Revenue Officer. 8. Smugglers' Retreat. 9. A Midnight Encounter. 10. The Smugglers' Exchange. SMUGGLING CIGARS INTO NEW YORK CITY.—See Page 86.



MORNING.

DAY is dawning. Slim and wide,
Through the mists that blind it,
Trembles up the rippling tide,
With the sea behind it.

Like a warrior angel sped
On a mighty mission,
Light, and life about him shed,
A transcendent vision.

Mailed in gold and fire he stands,
And with splendors shaken,
Bids the sleeping seas and lands
Quickened and awaken.

Day is on us. Dreams are dumb.
Thought has light for neighbor
Room! the rival giants come—
Lo, the Sun and Labor!

Repented at Leisure.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "REDEEMED
AND LOVED," "THE STORY OF A WEDDING RING,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

THE stars were gleaming in the depths of a dark blue sky, the night wind was sweet with the breath of odorous blossoms, the dew thick upon the grass and the flowers—a great calm and silence seemed to lie like a blessing over the earth; the lime-trees were faintly stirred by the night wind, the leaves rustled and sighed.

Ethel walked quickly and quietly down to the lime-grove. She had found some little difficulty in leaving the house unobserved, but she had accomplished it; and when Helen Digby believed her safe in her own room, she was walking with rapid steps to meet Laurie Nugent.

She knew perfectly well that she was not doing right—in the long sad after-years she never tried to excuse herself—but there was some comfort to her in the thought that she was deliberately disobeying Helen Digby.

"If my father could see me now," she thought to herself, "he would say it would have been better to leave me alone. If he had trusted me, I would not have done this."

Bitter, cruel, unjust thoughts against her father's chosen wife came over her as she walked in the silence of the sweet Summer night to keep her appointment. There was no seat under the fragrant limes, and Laurie Nugent, as soon as he saw Ethel, hastened forward, and took both her hands in his.

"My darling," he said, "how good of you to come! I knew that I was asking the greatest possible favor. I hardly dared to hope that you would grant it."

There was no answering light of joy on her face. She smiled gently as one who was simply pleased.

"You wanted me particularly; so I could not refuse to come. But I must not stay. Tell me quickly what it is—Laurie."

She hesitated before uttering the name; but he had prayed so hard that she would use it, that she made the effort. He kissed her white hands as he thanked her, and then she raised her eyes to his face.

"What is it, Laurie? I must not stay."

To her great surprise she saw tears shining in his eyes, and the light of the stars showed that his face was pale and sorrowful.

"I have so much to say to you, my darling, that I hardly know how to begin. Ethel, you have read of women who have held the hearts of men in the hollow of their small white hands—in like manner do you hold mine. You have read of women who have held men's lives in their power—so, dearest, do you hold mine. On your 'Yes' or 'No,' tonight, depends my whole future—my life, my death, my sorrow, my joy, my well or evil doing, all depend on what you shall say to me to-night."

She looked anxiously at him—the starlight, the night wind, the solemn silence, the holy calm, all tended to soften her heart. She felt more kindly disposed to him than she had ever felt before—such absolute sovereignty over a tall, strong man was delightful. She let her white hand linger in his clasp, and said, gently:

"Tell me what you mean, Laurie."

He was silent for a few minutes, and she guessed rather than knew that some great struggle was going on in his mind. Suddenly he did what he had never dared to do before—he clasped her in his arms, and kissed her beautiful face.

"My darling," he said, gently, "if I could but take you away—if we could only leave this cold, cruel world behind us—if we could go where there are no troubles, no sorrows, where the sun is always bright and the world always fair!"

She shrank from him, and the idea struck her that, although she was in love with him, she would not care about going away with him. Then Laurie recovered himself, and Ethel reproached herself that she was not kinder to him.

"My darling Ethel," he said, "I am going to put your love to the test. You are a generous, noble girl; you have heroism and courage for anything that you care to do. I want you to display that heroism for me. I want to put your love to the test. Will it bear it, do you think?"

"Yes," she replied, proudly; "any test that you can offer I can bear."

"That is spoken like yourself; you are braver than other women, Ethel, just as you are more beautiful. How many girls in your place would have meekly yielded to Miss Digby—would have submitted to her in everything! But you have held your own against her. What I have to ask you to-night would dismay and frighten a woman of Miss Digby's class."

He had studied Ethel so well, he knew how to practice on every weakness—he could play upon her feelings, her faults, her virtues, as a clever musician upon a harp. He knew that she would do and dare more from a spirit of opposition to Miss Digby than from love for himself.

"Ethel," he continued, "give me a patient hearing. I find that I am obliged to leave here suddenly—I ought to go to-morrow—and, oh, my love, it breaks my heart to leave you. I cannot go alone."

She looked up at him with wondering eyes.

"You must go alone, Laurie. I cannot accompany you."

"You could, my darling, if you would be only a little braver than other women are—a little more courageous. Ethel, let me make you my wife quite secretly, and then go away with me."

"I cannot," she replied. "Papa would never forgive me."

"Yes, he would. Hundreds of marriages take place in the same way. He would forgive you directly."

"But it would not be right. I could not do it; do not ask me, Laurie."

"It would be quite right, my darling. Where did you tell me your father was?"

"He is in Vienna," she said, gently. "But, Laurie, I can never consent."

The deadly despair that came over him at the thought of losing her frightened him.

"Ethel, listen to reason. Marry me, and I will take you to Austria; we will go to your father and ask him to forgive us." He had not the least intention of doing what he said, but he knew the idea would please her. "Such a step as that would have one effect," he said; "your father would never afterwards marry Miss Digby."

Her whole heart changed as he said the words.

"He would never marry Miss Digby! Oh, Laurie, are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure," he replied. "Your father would ask himself of what use it would be to marry a woman who had not been able to keep his daughter under control. He could not believe in her prudence or discretion after that. He would not be angry with you, but he would be so angry with her that he would in all probability refuse to see or speak to her again."

"Do you think so?" cried Ethel.

"I am sure of it. Then, there is another thing, Ethel. Your father's chief object in marrying is to secure a friend and adviser for you. If you were married, there would be no need for such a friend."

Her face grew brighter still.

"There would not indeed," she said.

"I am quite certain, Ethel," he continued, "that if you consent to my wish your father will never marry at all."

"If I thought so, I would say 'Yes' at once, Laurie."

His heart beat with triumph, yet he felt almost ashamed of the manner in which that triumph was won.

"It would really be a grand jest, Ethel, to go to Vienna as my wife, and let your father see of what little use Miss Digby is, after all. He would see then that she is not capable of taking care of you, but that you were and are quite capable of taking care of yourself. How surprised he would be to find that Miss Digby had failed!"

"You tempt me, Laurie," she said, gently. "You do not think, then, that my father would be very angry?"

"He would not be angry at all, darling—who could be angry with you?—but he would see how very much he had overrated Miss Digby."

"It would be a great triumph," she remarked; "but would it be right?"

"Right to keep your father's love for yourself—right to expose the incapacity of the woman he has selected to be your adviser—right to make the man whom you have honored with your love happy? How can you ask me, Ethel? Most certainly it would be right. You told me," he continued, "that Miss Digby had warned you against me. Imagine the triumph of going with me into her presence, and of saying to her, 'Here is the man against whom you warned me; he is my husband now! Imagine her anger, her mortification. They would be immeasurable, Ethel.'"

The idea took possession of Ethel. To obtain such glorious revenge upon her rival she would have committed any act short of dishonor or sin.

She hardly heard the half-whispered pleading, passionate words, so completely had this idea taken possession of her. She could not have devised sweeter triumph, more bitter revenge, as regarded the woman who had stepped between her and all the bright pleasures of her life. She had been chosen for her prudence, her discretion, her womanly wisdom, her capability of guidance. If she could convince her father that Helen Digby had none of these qualities, he would surely abandon all idea of marrying her. He would own that he had been mistaken—the Gordons were proud even in their humility—and there would be the end of it.

Her beautiful face flushed, and a proud, defiant light came into her eyes. He was thinking of nothing but love and winning her—she was thinking solely of revenge.

With the stars shining down upon her and the night wind whispering around her, she gave herself up to this dream of revenge. Suppose that she yielded to Laurie—that on the Thursday she met and married him—that they afterwards went home and together sought Helen Digby's presence—what a triumph it would be! She pictured to herself the scene—how she would take Laurie's hand in her own and say, "Miss Digby, this is the gentleman you warned me against—he is my husband now. I married him this morning, and we are going to join my father in Austria. He will know how to appreciate your watchful care."

She smiled as she pictured the dismay on Helen Digby's face; the triumph would be complete and sweet—she could ask no greater. It was characteristic of her that she gave no thought to the future. This marriage, if she agreed to it, would restore her to her father's love, her lost position. She never once remembered that if she became Laurie Nugent's wife she must go away and live with him.

She never thought of the future—whether he would go to Fountayne or London; she only remembered that she could take no greater vengeance on Helen Digby than by proving to Sir Leonard that he was quite mistaken in his estimate of her. That the vengeance might recoil on her own head did not occur to her. She never thought of the consequences of her marriage; she thought that Laurie Nugent loved her very dearly, and that all his happiness depended on her. If she could make him happy, regain her lost position, keep her father's love, and take revenge on Miss Digby all at one stroke, how thankful she ought to be! Then she roused herself to hear what he was saying.

"I have my faults, Ethel, but my love for you is greater than I can tell—it fills my whole heart and leaves room for nothing more. If you refuse me, Ethel, and I have to leave you, I shall become a desperate man—I shall care for nothing. I shall go to ruin as fast as I can go; life will have no interest, no charm for me. If you will trust me, will grant my prayer and be my wife, I will make you the happiest woman in all the wide world."

He stopped suddenly, and by the light of the stars he saw her beautiful face raised to his.

"Is it right, Laurie? Will people blame me afterwards, and say I have done an unwomanly action?"

There was something like remorse in his heart when he answered, with all appearance of frankness: "No." No one would ever blame her—people did things of that kind every day. If there were any wrong, any harm in it, he would not ask her to do it.

"No," she said, with the simple faith of a child, "I am quite sure you would not."

It had never occurred to her to ask him any questions about his position, his ability to keep a wife, his income, his source of revenue—she had never thought of it. She thought of two things only—her desire to prevent her father's marriage, and her desire to make Laurie Nugent happy.

Neither of these two motives would have been strong enough to influence her separately—the two combined conquered her. In after-years she wondered at her own reckless want of thought, her carelessness, her utter disregard of all consequences.

"I must have been blind," she said, "when I consented—nay, I must have been mad!"

The time never came when she confessed that

love of Laurie Nugent had influenced her—of all the motives stirring in her heart and helping her on to ruin, that was the feeblest. She believed that she loved him; yet afterwards, when real love came to her—the royal dower of noble women—she knew that for Laurie Nugent she had felt nothing but a kindly, pleasant, almost indifferent affection, and that he had won her by dint of flattering homage and devotion which few women could have resisted.

She wondered, too, in the long, sad after-years, how she could have so far forgotten her own ideas of right and wrong—how she could have taken pleasure in revenge so unworthy of a Gordon—how she could have been so deaf to all the appeals of her better self, her nobler nature—how she could have rushed so blindly, so madly on to her fate. If she had had the excuse of passionate love, it would have been better for her—it would have lessened her folly, it would have been some excuse for her rashness; but she was not influenced by love.

"Ethel," said Laurie, "you are so silent that I begin to fear. Can you fancy how a drowning man would pray if in the midst of a fierce, raging sea he saw a spar to which he could cling? Yet no such man could plead for life as I plead for the one word 'Yes.' Oh, Ethel, I love you so dearly! Could you live for a thousand years, you would never know such love again. My darling, will you consent?"

Still she hesitated; but she was young, and the passion of his words was beginning to influence her. Her face softened and grew tender, her voice became a sweet, musical murmur; she left her white, jeweled hand in her lover's clasp, and he wooed her with such earnest devotion, his handsome face flushed with eagerness, his eyes and lips eloquent with love—he wooed her with such eloquent words, with such passion, such poetry, such romance, that it would have been hard for her to resist. Had it been in the broad light of noon, in the garish light of day, she would perhaps have hardened her heart against him, and have said "No"; but the hour of night had its own witchery, its own glamour—the air was so fragrant with rich perfume, the light of the stars so tender and so pure, the whisper of the western wind so sweet and low, the silence of the Summer night so beautiful, that the place and its surroundings mastered her. She did not resist when he clasped his arm round her, and, bending down, kissed the fair face, his heart beating as he thought that the proud young beauty would so soon be all his own.

"You are willing, Ethel?" he whispered; and she replied:

"Yes, I am willing, Laurie."

"You have chosen wisely—and, believe me, my darling, you will never regret your choice. You can imagine what a life you would have had if your father had returned and married Miss Digby. There would have been no love to spare for you. She would have made herself completely mistress of your father's house, and you would have been compelled to submit to her as a little child. You would have found such a life intolerable. Now you will have freedom, liberty, brightness, all that you value most."

Yet even as he spoke he knew that he had bound her in heaviest chains.

"I ought to go in now," said Ethel. "Suppose that I should be missed?"

"Nay, no happier hour will come to us, Ethel, than this. The grand shore of the golden land is shining before us. We may not be happier when we reach it than standing, as we do now, gazing upon it. Stay just a little longer. Oh, Ethel—my beautiful, proud Ethel—if I could linger here with you while life lasted."

There was somewhat of pain, of regret, of remorse, of unhappiness in his voice which touched her generous heart more than all his love had done.

"Are you not happy now, Laurie?" she asked; and he thought her voice had never been so sweet.

"Happy, my darling? I am frightened at my own happiness. I find myself wishing that I were richer than a millionaire, so that I might surround you with everything most precious and bright. I find myself wishing that I had the goodness of a saint, that I might be more worthy of you. Happy? Ah, Ethel, I wonder if you will ever know the keen rapture of such joy as mine."

As they walked beneath the fragrant limes, and he told her, in the most tender and eloquent words he could command, over and over again, the story of his love, she saw how mighty it was—how it filled his heart, filled his soul; and she was touched by the strength of such mighty affection. She was nearer loving him in that hour than she had ever been, and for the time she almost forgot her desire for revenge.

The silence of the Summer night deepened; one by one the lights in the windows of the hotel were extinguished, and Ethel suddenly remembered how late it was.

"I must go, Laurie," she said.

He dared not ask her to remain. He must be prudent for a few hours longer, and then she would be his own—he could take her away over the wide seas, where there could be no more need for prudence or restraint. He had deceived her—for, in his own mind, he knew perfectly well that he had no idea of taking her to Vienna, or of ever allowing her to see her father again—he best knew why. He knew, too, that the imaginary incident he had amused her with—the interview between Miss Digby and herself—would never take place. He meant to marry her on Thursday. They would be obliged to part for a few hours. While those few hours lasted, he intended to bind her over to secrecy, and for the rest he trusted to his own ready wit. Let him once make sure of her—once marry her—and he would ask no more.

"Ethel, before you go, will you listen to my arrangements for you?"

She stopped—and he never forgot her as he saw her then, the starlight falling on her upraised face showing every exquisite feature in the soft light, the dainty head held proudly up, the shining folds of her dress falling around her, and her white hands clasped. He could not quite understand the expression of her face; he read on it the simple faith of a child, mingled with the dawn of tenderness—no anxiety, no fear.

"To-morrow will be Wednesday, and I will devote the whole of it to making arrangements. You have heard of the pretty little town of Holmleigh—not far—not above two miles from St. Ina's? It has an old church called St. Ann's; and I thought, Ethel, my darling, we would be married there."

She made no reply. The marriage itself did not interest her so much as the interview with Laurie Digby which was to follow it.

"I will procure a special license, so that we shall have no difficulty; and I will, with your consent, my darling, arrange the time for half-past eight on Thursday morning. You can rise as early as you generally do; and it is no unusual thing for you to take an early morning ramble. Suppose you do so. Miss Digby will think you have gone out into the woods. I will meet you, and we can walk to Holmleigh church. We are not likely, in this quiet place, to encounter any one, or to be seen—and the church stands quite by itself, you know, at the foot of a hill just before you enter the town. We can return by separate roads."

"And then?" she questioned, eagerly.

He knew well of what she was thinking.

"Then we can have the grand interview with Miss Digby," he said; "and very amusing it will be. I can imagine so well what she will say and how she will look. After that, my darling, we will lose no time—we will start at once for Austria."

The untruth did not trouble him. He had found her so easy to manage that he felt sure, when they came out of church, he would be able to invent some story or other that would satisfy her.

"Do you consent to these arrangements, Ethel?" he asked.

"Yes; I cannot object. You are quite sure it is right, Laurie?"

"I am certain it is," he replied, with a ready confidence that cheered her; and then, bending over her, he wished her good-night.

She preferred to go back to the house alone. He stood and watched her, his heart thrilling with the thought that in a short time that fair young girl would be his wife.

It seemed strange that when he entered the hotel his first question was as to whether any strangers had arrived. "No," was the reply; "St. Ina's has never been more quiet."

"I am safe," he said to himself. "If there had been any truth in that report, they would have been here before this. Give me forty-eight hours more, and I shall be over the sea with my proud, beautiful Ethel."

Little did Helen Digby dream of the conspiracy forming against her. She was happier than she had been since her arrival at St. Ina's. She believed that Ethel was beginning to like her; there had been more of gentleness in her manner, and something which Helen could not define—a shadow of regret. Ethel herself slept well; it was wonderful how blind she was to the enormity of the step contemplated. Laurie Nugent was the last person she dreamed of; her father, Helen Digby, even Lady Staton, occupied her thoughts more often than he did. Laurie was to prevent her father's marriage—Laurie was to restore her to her own position at Fountayne—Laurie worshipped her more fondly and truly—so he said—than man ever worshipped woman before; so she was grateful to him. He had been the first to give any romance to her girlish dreams; it was from him she had first learned how bewitching and charming she was; he had ministered to her pride, her vanity, her love of power, and therefore she was grateful to him, and had consented to marry him with far greater heedlessness than she would have promised to walk out with him.

CHAPTER XVI.

ETHEL GORDON smiled when Helen Digby bade her good-morning; and, contrary to her usual rule, kissed her.

"You are looking well this morning, Ethel," she said; "your face has all the bloom and freshness of a rose."

More than once that day Ethel wondered if anything would happen to prevent their marriage. She might have known the state of her own heart from the fact that, whenever she thought of any obstacle arising, her regret was not to be able to enjoy her triumph over Miss Digby. She thought but little of any pain that might arise from losing Laurie Nugent.

But it was not in the decrees of fate that anything should happen to prevent the marriage of Sir Leonard's daughter. Early on Wednesday morning Laurie Nugent went over to Holmleigh to make arrangements for the marriage. The story he told to the Rector of St. Ann's—the Reverend Mr. Brian—was fully known only to himself. There was some pathetic history of an orphan girl living in some uncivilized, unhappy home, and he, on the point of starting for abroad, on a most sudden and unexpected journey, wished to marry her and take her with him. Mr. Brian thought himself doing a very meritorious deed when he consented to marry them.

Then Laurie Nugent made all other needless arrangements—instead of going to Austria, he intended to start at once for America. "Mr. and Mrs. Nugent" were to take their passage on one of the steamers belonging to the great Inman Line. He had thought over this plan for some time, and then decided that it was quite safe. He did not intend to give Ethel time to say anything to Miss Digby, nor did he intend any of them to see her again.

"She must share my lot henceforward," he said, "and forget all about them."

Then it struck him that, much as Ethel had spoken to him of her home, he had never asked her where it was, nor had he made any inquiries as to her father's rank in life.

"It shows how deeply and dearly I love the girl," he thought to himself. "I have never stopped to ask one question about her affairs. If she had all the money in the world, I could love her no more than I do; if she has none, I love her just as much. The chances are that, if she were the greatest heiress in England, it would be impossible for me ever to claim what is hers. It is Ethel I want—Ethel, with her grand dower of youthful beauty—and not money."

He arranged in his own mind that when they were married he would return at once to the hotel while Ethel lingered in the woods; he would send all his luggage away, and with it, unnoticed, two large boxes of hers. They could meet together at the station, and, once away from St. Ina's, he would defy fate. Ethel would want to have her own way to throw down the gauntlet of defiance to Miss Digby; but he could invent some excuse for getting her to the station, and then, finding resistance useless, she would submit. Everything was arranged in his own mind, and to his own satisfaction, when he returned to the Queen's Hotel.

Some gentleman who played very beautifully on the harp had been asked to give the ladies the pleasure of hearing him; the harp was brought out on to the lawn and when Laurie Nugent arrived there was quite a concert. He thought of the scene for years afterwards—the sun was shining so brightly on the lawn, and gleaming in the fountains, the flowers all in bloom, the rustling foliage of the limes looking golden in the brilliant light, the soft sweet music sounding above the song of the birds and the murmur of the fountains. He saw Helen Digby seated by Lady Staton's side, each listening intently to the music. He went over to them, and Helen looked up at him with a kindly smile.

"You have been away all day, have you not, Mr. Nugent?"

Ethel was standing by her side, and Laurie stole a glance at her as he replied:

"Yes, I have been away on very important business, and I am glad to say that I have met with perfect success."

Their eyes met for a moment, and then hers drooped, and a burning blush spread over her lovely face.

"Success is always charming," said Helen, little dreaming what Laurie Nugent's success implied.

"I have never found it so welcome as in the case of the business I have been about to-day," he said, laughing.

He lingered with them, talking principally to Miss Digby, and glancing occasionally at the beautiful face drooping over the flowers. As for Ethel, she saw nothing, she heard nothing, plainly; it was one

of the motives stirring in her heart and helping her on to ruin, that was the feeblest. She believed that she loved him; yet afterwards, when real love came to her—the royal dower of noble women—she knew that for Laurie Nugent she had felt nothing but a kindly, pleasant, almost indifferent affection, and that he had won her by dint of flattering homage and devotion which few women could have resisted.

She wondered, too, in the long, sad after-years, how she could have so far forgotten her own ideas of right and wrong—how she could have taken pleasure in revenge so unworthy of a Gordon—how she could have been so deaf to all the appeals of her better self, her nobler nature—how she could have rushed so blindly, so madly on to her fate. If she had had the excuse of passionate love, it would have been better for her—it would have lessened her folly, it would have been some excuse for her rashness; but she was not influenced by love.

"Ethel," said Laurie, "you are so silent that I begin to fear. Can you fancy how a drowning man would pray if in the midst of a fierce, raging sea he saw a spar to which he could cling? Yet no such man could plead for life as I plead for the one word 'Yes.' Oh, Ethel, I love you so dearly! Could you live for a thousand years, you would never know such love again. My darling, will you consent?"

Still she hesitated; but she was young, and the passion of his words was beginning to influence her. Her face softened and grew tender, her voice became a sweet, musical murmur; she left her white, jeweled hand in her lover's clasp, and he wooed her with such earnest devotion, his handsome face flushed with eagerness, his eyes and lips eloquent with love—he wooed her with such eloquent words, with such passion, such poetry, such romance, that it would have been hard for her to resist. Had it been in the broad light of noon, in the garish light of day, she would perhaps have hardened her heart against him, and have said "No"; but the hour of night had its own witchery, its own glamour—the air was so fragrant with rich perfume, the light of the stars so tender and so pure, the whisper of the western wind so sweet and low, the silence of the Summer night so beautiful, that the place and its surroundings mastered her. She did not resist when he clasped his arm round her, and, bending down, kissed the fair face, his heart beating as he thought that the proud young beauty would so soon be all his own.

"You are willing, Ethel?" he whispered; and she replied:

"Yes, I am willing, Laurie."

"You have chosen wisely—and, believe me, my darling, you will never regret your choice. You can imagine what a life you would have had if your father had returned and married Miss Digby. There would have been no love to spare for you. She would have made herself completely mistress of your father's house, and you would have been compelled to submit to her as a little child. You would have found such a life intolerable. Now you will have freedom, liberty, brightness, all that you value most."

Yet even as he spoke he knew that he had bound her in heaviest chains.

"I ought to go in now," said Ethel. "Suppose that I should be missed?"

"Nay, no happier hour will come to us, Ethel, than this. The grand shore of the golden land is shining before us. We may not be happier when we reach it than standing, as we do now, gazing upon it. Stay just a little longer. Oh, Ethel—my beautiful, proud Ethel—if I could linger here with you while life lasted."

There was somewhat of pain, of regret, of remorse, of unhappiness in his voice which touched her generous heart more than all his love had done.

"Are you not happy now, Laurie?" she asked; and he thought her voice had never been so sweet.

"Happy, my darling? I am frightened at my own happiness. I find myself wishing that I were richer than a millionaire, so that I might surround you with everything most precious and bright. I find myself wishing that I had the goodness of a saint, that I might be more worthy of you. Happy? Ah, Ethel, I wonder if you will ever know the keen rapture of such joy as mine."

As they walked beneath the fragrant limes, and he told her, in the most tender and eloquent words he could command, over and over again, the story of his love, she saw how mighty it was—how it filled his heart, filled his soul; and she was touched by the strength of such mighty affection. She was nearer loving him in that hour than she had ever been, and for the time she almost forgot her desire for revenge.

The silence of the Summer night deepened; one by one the lights in the windows of the hotel were extinguished, and Ethel suddenly remembered how late it was.

"I must go, Laurie," she said.

He dared not ask her to remain. He must be prudent for a few hours longer, and then she would be his own—he could take her away over the wide seas, where there could be no more need for prudence or restraint. He had deceived her—for, in his

effusing whiff to her. The whisper of the wind, the rustling of the leaves, the rippling of the fountain, the music of the harp, all said but one thing to her: "I am to be married to-morrow." She heard those words—"married to-morrow"—in every sound that fell upon her ears, until she began to wonder whether she were losing her reason or not.

It was one of the pleasantest and gayest evenings that had ever been spent at the Queen's Hotel; Ethel Gordon remembered it for ever afterwards. Years were to pass before beauty and music and perfume would have any charm for her again.

The last question that Laurie Nugent asked that night was the one that came so often from his lips: "Have any strangers arrived?" And the answer was, as usual, "No."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE morning dawned bright and fair; the dew lay shining on the grass and flowers, the wood-pigeons were cooing, the plover crying amongst the corn, when Ethel Gordon quietly left the house on her fatal errand. The morning was not fresher nor fairer than she; her face had the delicate, exquisite bloom of the wild rose, her eyes were bright as stars, with the golden light deepening in them. She looked round on the scene encircling her; she raised her eyes to the blue heavens, and thought to herself how fair all nature was bathed in the morning light.

A great cluster of passion-flowers stood near the gate which led from the lawn to the coppice. The coppice led to the woods, and Laurie was waiting there for her, she knew full well.

She stopped to gather some of the sad, grand, mystical flowers—they were all wet with dew, which she flung from the leaves, looking into the flowers' depths and admiring the sweet symbols. Leaves were growing there, too, and large white lilies, and long sprays of blue convolvulus; but she passed all these, and filled her hands with the passion-flowers.

"My wedding-day!" she thought to herself. "What would my father think if he knew this was my wedding-day?"

Some little shadow fell over the brightness of the morning when she remembered that to-day Helen Digby would meet with her fate. Then at the end of the coppice she saw Laurie Nugent, with an impatient, eager look on his handsome face. She had just time to note that he wore a beautiful white hyacinth, and then he had caught sight of her, and hastened to clasp her in his arms.

"My darling Ethel, how beautiful you look this morning! You shame the sun and the flowers. Oh, Ethel, the sun may well shine so brightly—it is our wedding-day!"

They walked on side by side, and the beauty of the scene deepened in the wood. The dew lay more thickly on the grass, the sunlight fell brokenly through the thick foliage, producing varying lights and shadows. The solitude deepened, too, and they seemed to be walking away from the rest of the world into a fairy-land of their own.

Laurie turned to take her hands in his own.

"Shall we ever see anything so fair as this woodland scene, or be so happy again in this world?" he said. "Lay your hands in mine, Ethel, and let us talk. Smile your brightest, my darling—it is our wedding-day!"

She gave him one hand only.

"I cannot spare the other," she explained. "You forget my flowers."

His attention had been so entirely absorbed in her beautiful face that he had never even looked at them, but now he bent forward, and she was startled by a low cry from his lips—by the sudden pallor of his face.

"Why, Ethel," he cried, "these are passion-flowers! Whoever heard of a bride with a bouquet of passion-flowers? What an evil omen, my darling! I am not superstitious, but it has frightened me."

"Nor am I superstitious," she said, laughing. "Why did you gather them?" he asked. "Passion-flowers on a wedding-day! Why did you gather them, Ethel?"

"I do not know. They were shining with dew and close to my hand. I cannot give you any other reason than that."

"You will throw them away, will you not, Ethel?"

She looked admiringly at them.

"I think not," she replied; "that would be giving way to superstition. I come of a race that knows no fear, that never looks back, that abides by what is done. The motto of our house is, 'Gordon abides by what Gordon does.' I gathered these flowers thoughtlessly, I own, for my wedding-bouquet, but I shall take them with me."

"It is an evil omen, Ethel."

"We will pay no heed to it. I have no faith in omens."

But he gave her no answering smile.

"Throw them away, Ethel, I implore you."

The idea seemed to her both weak and cowardly.

"They must go with me," she returned. "What influence can it have on my future life that I was married with passion-flowers in my hand?"

Seeing that she would not yield, Laurie said no more. They walked on through the dewy brightness of the Summer woods until the spire of the old church came in view; and then Ethel stopped, and her face lost its color.

"Laurie, it is a serious thing, marriage. I am almost frightened at it now."

"Gordon abides by what Gordon does," he quoted. "You have promised, Ethel; you must not break your word."

"I have no thought of doing so," she replied, haughtily; "but I am frightened. I had forgotten how solemn a thing marriage is. We are going into a church, and churches always seem to me so near to heaven. Oh, Laurie, Laurie," she cried, "marriage lasts until death, and I am not sure if I love you well enough!"

But he endeavored to calm her.

"My darling Ethel, you are nervous. You are usually brave, my love; you must not lose courage. Ethel, like other girls, have you ever dreamed of your wedding day?"

"Not often," she replied.

"Did you ever think it would be like this—walking through a dewy Summer wood, the morning air fresh and sweet on your face, the song of the birds in your ears, the flowers like a bevy of fair bridesmaids blooming around you?"

"No," she answered; "I never dreamed of such a wedding as this."

They entered the churchyard, and once more Laurie Nugent asked her to throw the passion-flowers away. Once more she refused; and by the green graves of the silent dead Sir Leonard's daughter—bright, beautiful, proud Ethel Gordon—passed on her way to the marriage-altar.

(To be continued.)

THE RECENT CYCLONE IN TEXAS.

THE terrible cyclone that recently swept over the Gulf of Mexico and the adjacent shores has resulted in immense destruction of property, and

appalling loss of life. The violence of the wind exceeded that of any gale known for many years, and immense quantities of water fell. The tornado struck the coast at Galveston, and extended as far as Austin, and a vast region extending more than two hundred miles from the coast felt the fury. Along the coast of Texas the tide rose twenty feet, and the prairie became a sea. Railroads were destroyed, cattle drowned, towns absolutely swept away, immense damage done to the crops, and many lives lost. On the waters hundreds of vessels were wrecked. Southern Texas, for an area of thousands of square miles, has been deluged by water and swept by the tempest.

The storm began at Galveston on September 15th, and continued to rage until late on Friday night, September 17th. The waters of the Gulf overflowed half of Galveston Island, causing great destruction to property; and the fierce wind unroofed houses, toppled over chimneys, and carried away signs, awnings and all light articles in its path. The water in the street was, at times, two feet deep. Three large schooners lying in the harbor were swamped, and one steamboat and two tugs sunk—one being completely demolished. One large English bark was forced from its moorings and driven ashore, and one washed forty feet on land.

At Indianola the destruction was terrible. The town was almost swept out of existence. Out of three hundred houses, only five are left standing. During Thursday night, while the storm was at its height, the water in the city rose over six feet in two hours. When the waters subsided the plains for miles around presented a horrible aspect. Dead bodies of human beings, horses and cattle were strewn around, mixed with the debris of houses, broken furniture, farming utensils, and a mass of shattered articles that were once the cherished household gods of happy homes. The stench in the city from the putrefaction of these bodies, with the stench from dead animals, was almost intolerable.

All over the unfortunate section visited by the cyclone the greatest distress prevails. Many small settlements have been entirely swept away. The inhabitants are homeless, shelterless, with scant supplies of food, and, in most instances, without proper clothing. The fate of these unfortunate people appeals forcibly to the benevolence of more fortunate communities, and it is hoped that the efforts now being made to send succor and relief will meet with a cordial support.

MEDAL TO BE PRESENTED TO
PROF. HENRY DRAPER.

THE United States Government has caused a gold medal to be prepared for presentation to Prof. Henry Draper, of New York city, in consideration of the valuable services rendered by him to the Transit of Venus Commission. The reverse of the medal contains the inscription, in Latin: "The Transit of Venus Commission of the United States, to Henry Draper, M.D., December 8th, 1874." The date is that of the transit of Venus. The phrase around the edge of the medal, "*Virtus virtutis addit ardo*" (he adds lustre to ancestral glory), refers to the literary and scientific attainments of Dr. Draper, Sr.

The motto on the obverse: "To extend fame by deeds is a work of virtue," is a sentiment from the *Æneid* of Virgil. The instrument in the centre is the heliostat, which was used by Dr. Draper in his labors with the photographers in practice preparatory to the taking of the observations of the transit. It is said that this is the first time that the Government has thus distinguished an American scientist.

THE REV. CYRUS D. FOSS,
PRESIDENT OF WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY is entitled to hearty congratulation for the excellent choice she has made in selecting her new President. Dr. Foss has held a conspicuous position in the Church from the day of his graduation, and is now as diligent a student as ever. He was born at Kingston, N. Y., January 17th, 1834, his father being the Rev. Cyrus Foss, a very able and highly respected minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was one of five sons, of whom three grew to manhood, were graduated from Wesleyan University with the highest honors of their class, and entered the ministry of their father's Church.

President Foss graduated in the class of 1854. Shortly after, he was appointed teacher of mathematics in Adrian Seminary, and was elected President of the institution in 1856. In 1859-'60 he was transferred to the Fleet Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn; in 1861-'62 he was sent to the Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal Church, and in 1863-'64 to the South Fifth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Williamsburgh. In 1865 he was transferred to St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church. This charge he held for two years, when he was sent to Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church; and in 1871 he was again returned to St. Paul's. Last year Dr. Foss was transferred to St. James's Methodist Episcopal Church, Harlem, a charge which he has filled with great satisfaction to a large congregation. He was made a Doctor of Divinity by Wesleyan University in 1870, and in 1872 was a delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

THE FARM OF PRESIDENT GRANT,
NEAR ST. LOUIS, MO.

TEN-AND-A-HALF miles on the Gravois Road, leading southwest from St. Louis lies the old Dent farm, owned now by President Grant. It is a beautiful location. The six hundred and fifty acres stretch over hill and dale; a creek flows through the grounds, dividing them in almost equal parts, and in the valley thus created is the railroad connecting the ironworks of Carondelet with the main Pacific Railroad at Kirkwood. A station and a water-tank are directly opposite the farm-buildings. It is called a stock farm, but is used almost exclusively for breeding horses. There are now over sixty head, the greater number being very valuable. Behind the house is a vineyard, whose southern exposure ripens quantities of luscious grapes. But the most valuable part of the place lies under the surface. On the southern side of the creek, next to the railroad, rocks penetrate the soil. It has been found only recently that they form an inexhaustible layer of the finest sandstone, so soft under the surface as to be easily cut with a knife, but rapidly hardening when exposed to the air. The stone can be polished like marble, and is excellently fitted for building purposes, the strata being so thick as to allow the cutting out of stones fifteen feet wide and twenty feet long.

Our illustration represents the old Dent homestead, where the President married and lived for a long time. All his children were born there. The

barns and stables on the right are newly erected. Below on the right is the main stable; on the left are the ruins of a modern building, burnt down some years ago, and on the site of which the President intends to erect a new residence. It is in the southern part of the farm, on a high hill, that is well timbered, and it commands a fine view of the surrounding country and the far-off bluffs of Illinois. The President, with his wife, Colonel Fred. Grant and wife, General Hancock and Mr. Borie and wife, visited the farm last week, and arranged for the sale of a greater portion of his stock.

The sale took place on Thursday, September 30th. Some fine horses were sold, but the prices realized were very low. The trotting mare Bessie Knox, for which the President paid \$1,000, brought \$200, and Young Hambleton, a seven-year-old stallion, was knocked down for \$300. The mare Vicksburg, ridden by General Grant at Vicksburg, brought only \$56.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

IT IS STATED that several species of canary-seed are now used as food for race horses, on account of the large percentage of nutritive matter which such seed contains, unminged with any objectionable substances.

THE PARIS ACCLIMATIZATION SOCIETY has received a quantity of seeds of *Reana luxurians*, a grass from Guatemala, said to be of value as a forage plant. According to M. D. de Maisonneuve, a single tuft will supply an ox with food for a day. In its native country it is a perennial plant, forming enormous tufts; the leaves resemble those of Indian corn, but are much broader.

IT IS A CURIOUS FACT that no water has been found in the storage-cells of camels which have died in England, although, as is well-known, the cell compartment of the camel's stomach is used in the East by the animal as a reservoir of water, whence it draws its requisite supply for drinking on long journeys across burning deserts. Naturalists suppose that the water-storing process ceases when the wellbeing of the creature no longer requires it.

IN SEVERAL SHOPS in Munich various objects of art have lately been displayed which are remarkable for their brilliant silver hue. It appears that they are mere plaster models covered with a thin coat of mica powder, which perfectly replaces the ordinary metallic substances. The mica plates are first cleaned and bleached by fire, boiled in hydrochloric acid, and washed and dried. The material is then finely powdered, sifted, and mingled with collodion, which serves as a vehicle for applying the compound with a paint-brush. The mica can be easily tinted in different colors, thus adding to the beauty of the ornamentation.

PROFESSOR PALMIERI has discovered a new instrument which he calls a "diagonometer," and which is constructed for the rapid examination of oils and textures by means of electricity. What the apparatus will do, Professor Palmieri details thus: 1. It will show the quality of olive oil. 2. It will distinguish olive oil from seed oil. 3. It will indicate whether olive oil, although of the best appearance, has been mixed with seed oil. 4. It will show the quality of seed oils. 5. Finally, it will indicate the presence of cotton in silken or woolen textures. The professor has been complimented for this invention by the Chamber of Arts and Commerce at Naples, who have published a full description of the apparatus, with instructions for use.

THAT IMMENSE BODY OF SANDSTONE on the east bank of the Monongahela River, about a mile below the old town of New Geneva, Pa., known as the "Pictured Rocks," is liable to be destroyed or broken up for building purposes. A considerable portion of the part next to the river was knocked away during the winter. At attempt should certainly be made to preserve the outlines, at least, of these interesting remains. There are tracks, apparently fresh, of the elk, fawn, bear, turkey, goose, crane and the bare human foot. Of the latter, there is a six-toed specimen, measuring seven and a half inches in length, five and a half in breadth at the toe and three and a half at the heel. Near this is a hand with a thumb and five fingers, all long and slender. There were formerly very clear moccasin-marks, but a recent search shows that they have been destroyed.

A PECULIAR FEATURE in the working of the Uetliberg Railway, a mountain line in Switzerland, is the use of a jet of water against the rails, in front of the wheels of the locomotive, sufficient to wash the rails completely. It was observed long ago that the influence on adhesion of a slight humidity, such as that deposited by a fog, and that of a veritable layer of water deposited by rain, are entirely different. On the Swiss Central Railroad a jet of water is used on the front wheels of certain engines to facilitate the passage round curves, and the effect on the durability of the tires has been remarkable; but this jet of water, which was intended to lubricate only the inside part of the rail-head, moistens the whole surface in contact with the tire. No modification of the adhesion has been observed as the result of this; this jet of water does not dispense with the use of sand, while on the Uetliberg absolutely no use is made of sand, but water is employed exclusively.

A ZOOLOGICAL COLLECTION of remarkable interest has been added during the present year to the British Museum. It consists of the Thames Valley series of remains of British elephants, rhinoceros, deer, ox, etc., which have been discovered in the Ilford Marshes, near Stratford, during the last thirty years, and has hitherto formed the unique private collection of Sir Antonio Brady, of Stratford-le-Point. It contains remains of no less than 100 elephants, all of which have been obtained from Ilford. The rhinoceros of the Thames Valley are represented by 86 remains, of three species, distinguished by the character or the absence of the bony nasal septum. The British lion, which recent geology shows to have been no myth, is represented by a lower jaw and a phalanx of the left forefoot. The collection also includes the Thames Valley hippopotamus, which is found at Grays, as well as at Ilford. The ruminants—such as the stag, bison and ox—constitute fully one-half the collection, numbering more than 500 specimens. They include seven specimens of the great Irish elk and fifty of the red deer.

WHILE MAJOR T. M. PERRINE and Messrs. Mosby and Kohler were digging for Indian relics on the road leading from Anna, Ill., to the Mississippi River, about six miles west of Jonesboro, they struck an uncommonly hard substance in one of the tumuli, which, when taken out, proved to be an image of a man sitting in tailor fashion. The material is porphyry, exceedingly white, and perfectly smooth to the touch. The image weighs forty pounds, is thirteen inches in height, and a line drawn around the head and chin measures sixteen inches. The length of the arm, forearm and hand is eleven inches, and the distance from the point of one shoulder to that of the other is nine inches. Major Perrine also exhumed clay kiln-burnt cooking utensils and an Indian pipe, a blockstone fashioned into the shape of a bird, nine inches long and two and a half pounds in weight. Then in Grand Avenue Cave, Barren County, Ky., a female mummy, four feet five inches in length, was found lying in a sleeping posture, the left arm, minus the hand, resting on the ground, while the right lies across the bosom with the hand supporting the chin. The discovery has excited special attention from the facts that the face is purely white, and that none of the usual Indian characteristics of form or figure are noted. Both the head and body are excellently preserved; but the flesh on the arms and legs is very shriveled. Through the parting of the lips large and regular teeth are visible.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Sioux believe in nothing but hard money.

IN his inaugural address, Governor Allen said: "In the prodigality of the past you will find abundant reason for frugality in the future." And yet he won't sit in rags.

GENERAL W. F. BARTLETT, of Pittsfield, the Democratic nominee for Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, is the author of the first great reconciliation speech made during the Bunker Hill Centennial. He afterwards visited Virginia and was received with almost princely courtesy. He is a hard-money man.

NEXT to that of Governor Tilden, the name of Senator Bayard of Delaware is mentioned most frequently as the possible Democratic candidate for President. Like the Adamases, his family has for many years been leaders in political life. He now occupies the seat in the United States Senate that was filled by his father and grandfather. He is forty-seven years old, a lawyer by profession, and a hard-money man.

IT is certain now, if his life is spared, that Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil, will visit the United States next year, the Chamber of Deputies having granted his request to leave Brazil for eighteen months. He is the legitimate descendant of three great royal houses of Europe—Braganza, Bourbon and Hapsburg. He is a ruler of remarkably liberal views and is able to talk with us in our own language. He is a hard-money man.

M. LEON SAY, the French Minister of Finance, nearly produced a dissolution of the Cabinet by uttering these apparently innocent words at a recent banquet: "The coalition of the 24th of May is happily dissolved." The Minister is one of the foremost financiers of France, and grandson of the celebrated political economist, Jean Baptiste Say. He was elected a member of the French Assembly in February, 1871, and appreciates the value of hard money.

ON the surrender of the fortress of Rastadt, during the Prussian revolution of 1848, Carl Schurz, who had participated in its defense, fled into Switzerland. Hearing soon after that a special friend and companion in arms had been captured and condemned to an imprisonment of twenty years, Schurz returned to Germany, assumed the garb of a strolling musician and, after many marvelous escapes, succeeded in restoring his fellow-rebel to liberty. They then went to England, and for three years alternated between London and Paris, supporting themselves by teaching. Schurz came to the United States in 1852, and four years later entered into our exciting political field, in which he still holds a most honored place. He is a hard money man.

M. ROCHER, who, according to the decision in the late Bonapartist convulse at Arenenberg, is to direct the policy of that party in behalf of the Prince Imperial, has been the friend above all others of the exiled Eugenie and her son. He is about sixty years old. At the time of the revolution of '48 he was esteemed one of the most famous advocates of the French Bar. He became a member of several Cabinets upon the retirement of the first ministry of the Prince-President, and in 1852 he was called to the Vice-Presidency of the Council of State. Four years later he was nominated a Senator of France. In 1863 the Emperor chose him as the Minister of State, which dignity he held for five years. Well versed in political strategy, thoroughly conversant with Napoleonic ideas, a successful statesman, and devoted servitor, the Emperor could not have found a firmer friend, nor the party a more competent leader. He is in favor of any kind of money just now.

THE Prince of Wales, who has started upon his Indian trip, will be thirty-four years old next month. In 1859 he went to Rome, and for the first time in many centuries a prince of the royal blood of England had an audience with the Pope. In June of that year he visited the United States. His first journey to the East was made in 1862, when he went as far as the Holy Land, and the second in 1868, when he attended the inauguration of the Suez Canal. In the Spring of 1871 he made a voyage to Ireland, but instead of having the quieting influence anticipated, his presence provoked an old-fashioned riot at Phoenix Park, Dublin. In December of the same year he was seized with a kind of typhoid fever similar to that which carried off his father, the Prince Consort, and his death was reported on the 8th. After a very slow recovery the Queen appointed a day of general thanksgiving, upon which he made a royal entry into London and passed through Temple Bar. He has lost one child, and has six living. A brilliant staff will accompany him, the army being represented by Lord Carrington, and the navy by Lord Beresford. He is particular only about the quantity of money.

THE Hon. Alexander H. Rice, the Republican nominee for Governor of Massachusetts, was born in Newton Lower Falls, Mass., August 30th, 1818. His early education was obtained in the public school of the village, and was subsequently enlarged in Dr. Kimball's famous academy at Needham, and Union College, Schenectady. He graduating from the latter in 1844. Soon after, he was selected as a member of the Boston School Committee, and labored in that capacity for seven years. In 1856 he was elected a member of the City Council, and being re-elected at the close of his first term, became President of that body. His election as Mayor was the next political advancement, and he occupied this position also through two terms. Declining a third nomination to the Mayoralty, he was chosen a member of the Thirty-sixth Congress, and served through four successive terms. His labors in this capacity were extremely onerous. He was a member of the Committee on the District of Columbia, the Special Committee on the Pacific Railroad, and the Committee on Naval Affairs—of which he was Chairman through two Congresses. Mr. Rice is a man of genial temperament, a true friend, and a consistent worker. He is a hard money man.

IT appears that Prince Gortschakoff, the political pilot of Russia, is about terminating his long public career by resigning the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. He was born in 1798, and has been engaged in political service for over half a century. In 1841 he negotiated a marriage between the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia with the Prince Royal of Wurttemberg, for which he received the title of Privy Councillor. After maintaining a strict neutrality during the troublesome times of 1848-9, he exercised the most potent influence in procuring the abdication of the Austrian Emperor Ferdinand in favor of Francis Joseph, the present ruler. When Russia accepted the four points which formed the basis of the Paris Conference of 1856, in the midst of the dispute on the Eastern question, Gortschakoff was Ambassador at Vienna. In 1857 he was recalled to St. Petersburg and given the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, from which time he has continually announced in guarded terms the restless policy of his sovereign. He issued a proclamation, during the Neapolitan revolution, full of hostility to the Western Powers, and in 1863, when Alexander was denationalizing Poland, he forwarded to England, Austria and France a "note" bidding them, in terse, diplomatic language, to mind their own business. In the Winter of 1870-71 he again surprised Europe by demanding the abrogation of Article III. of the Treaty of 1856, which opened the Black Sea to merchant vessels, but closed it to naval fleets. He is just one year younger than M. Thiers and Emperor William, and thoroughly believes in hard money.



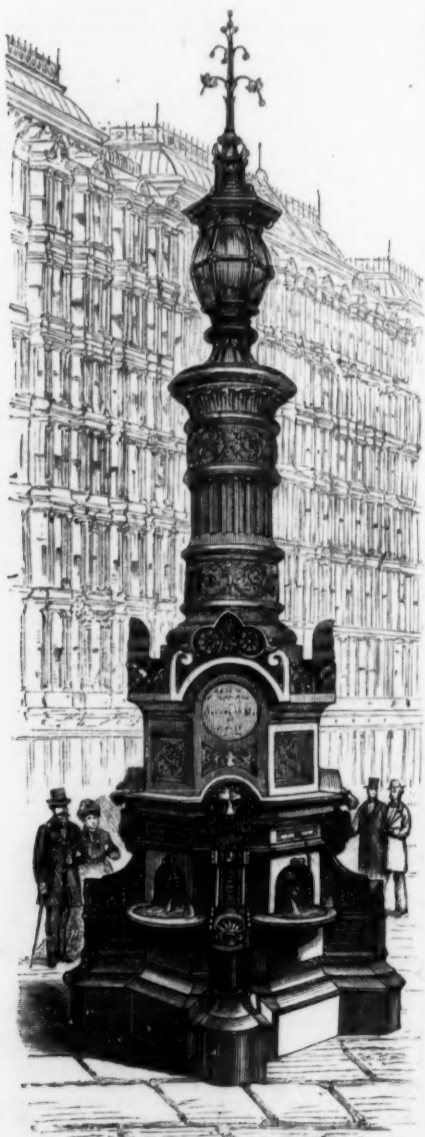
REV. CYRUS D. FOSS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ESTABROOK, NEW YORK—SEE PAGE 91.

THE MONUMENT OF THE SEVENTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT OF NEW YORK STATE VOLUNTEERS.

THE monument which was procured by the members of the Seventy-seventh Regiment, New

York State Volunteers, and erected in Monument Place, Broadway and Congress Streets, in Saratoga Springs, was unveiled on the afternoon of September 21st, and dedicated with fitting ceremonies. A procession was formed at the Town Hall at two o'clock, when it marched to Monument Place. Prayer was offered by Chaplain French, of New York, and addresses were made by Colonel W. B. French and Rev. Norman Fox, of New York city.

The monument, as shown in the engraving, is of the best Quincy granite, thirteen feet high, and surmounted by a bronze soldier seven feet high. The monument was made at the quarry, under the direction of William H. Thomas, of Saratoga, and is to be paid for by funds raised by the members of the regiment and their friends. The bronze soldier cost \$2,500. It is expected that four bronze medallions, delineating the life of a soldier, will be fastened on the sides of the shaft. These medallions are to cost \$750 each, and will add greatly to the finish and appearance of the monument.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—THE LOTTA FOUNTAIN.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOUSEWORTH & CO.

THE LATE REV. DR. PORTEOUS.

ON Monday, September 27th, the late George B. Porteous was drowned at Sea Cliff, L. I. He was a native of Scotland, and about forty-five years of age. He studied medicine in the University of Edinburgh, but before completing his course he abandoned his choice and adopted the profession of law. This in turn was given up, and he entered King's College, London, as a student of theology. After preaching several years in Unitarian and Swedenborgian pulpits, he took holy orders in the Church of England, and in 1863 was settled at Leeds, subsequently being transferred to St. George's Church, in Hanover Square, London.

In 1871 he was nominated and instituted Vicar of Kilmood, Ireland, but subsequently resigned, in consequence of a personal disagreement between himself and his presiding Bishop. He came to this country in 1873, but not with the intention of remaining. He received from Bishop Potter of New York and Bishop Littlejohn of Brooklyn permission to preach in their dioceses, and began his religious labors in the Clason Avenue Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn. He became well-known as well by his lectures as by his sermons, and the withdrawal of his license to preach, which came in the midst of his popularity, added to the attention which he had drawn to himself. Dr. Porteous subsequently made frequent efforts to establish in Brooklyn an Independent and Liberal Protestant Episcopal Church. He at various times occupied the pulpit of Plymouth Church, the Clason Avenue Presbyterian, the Clinton Avenue Congregational, the Hanson Place Baptist Church, and the Church of the Disciples.

A number of his supporters established the All Souls' Independent Protestant Episcopal Church in Brooklyn, which for a time was successful. The attendance afterwards gradually fell off, until the Society failed to pay the pastor the sum agreed upon, and he refused to preach more. In June last he removed his family to Sea Cliff, where he spent the Summer, occasionally preaching in some vacant pulpit.

THE LOTTA FOUNTAIN, SAN FRANCISCO.

THE beautiful fountain presented to the City of San Francisco by Miss Lotta Crabtree, the charming little actress who has won the hearts of thousands throughout the land, not alone by her talent as an artist, but by her gentle womanly spirit and kindly deeds, was formally presented to the city on Thursday, September 9th. The fountain stands at the intersection of Market and Kearny Streets. The structure is in the form of a column, tastefully proportioned. The height is twenty-eight feet, and it rests on a block of granite eight

feet square. The first section of the iron-work, which is painted in imitation of bronze, and all of which is richly ornamented, is four feet broad and three feet high, having a drinking basin at each face, and ornamented at each corner with a lion's head. Over each basin is a griffin's head, the water flowing from the mouth. The section above, which is a little smaller, has a brass medallion fifteen inches square on each face. That looking towards the Palace Hotel bears the inscription: "Presented to the citizens of San Francisco by Lotta." The other medallions represent Mining, Agriculture, and Commerce—the three leading industries of California. The shaft proper is an elegant fluted column, ornamented at the top and bottom with arabesques, which support a neatly shaped six-sided lantern. The whole structure is crowned by a stem bearing three lilies and small golden balls. The total cost of the fountain will amount to about \$9,000.

The presentation to the Mayor and Supervisors was made on behalf of Miss Lotta by Mr. H. Edwards, of the California Theatre, in presence of an immense assemblage. The ceremony was rendered still more impressive and noteworthy by the attendance of Company C, the National Guard, and



THE LATE REV. DR. GEORGE B. PORTEOUS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOWSON, BROOKLYN, L. I.

Artillery performed at intervals, and the first piece introductory to the speaking was "America." Mr. Edwards then, in a graceful address, alluded to Miss Lotta's appreciation of the good feeling shown



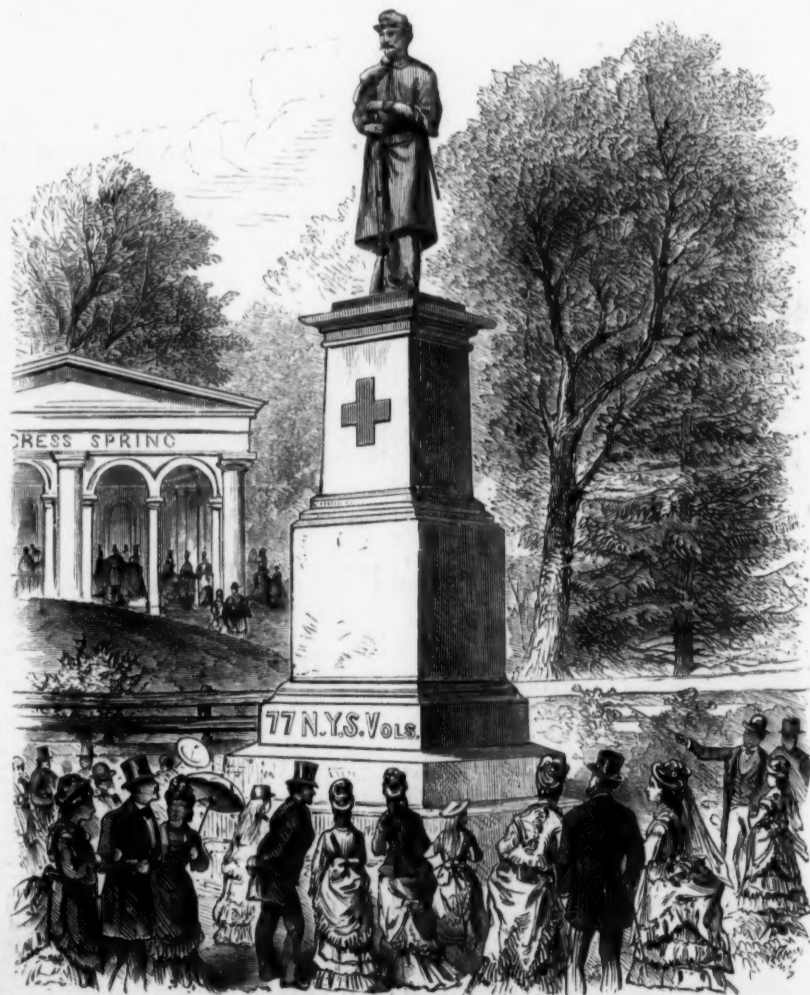
THE DRAPER MEDAL—OBSERVE.

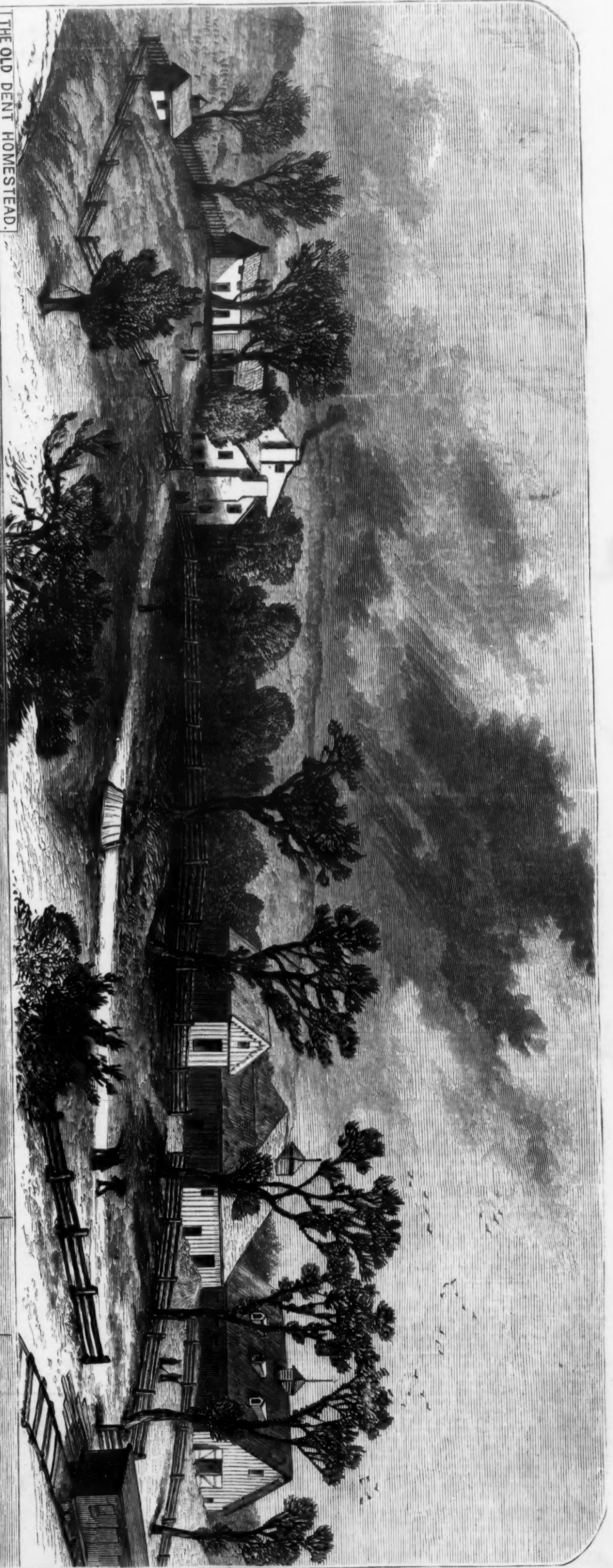


THE DRAPER MEDAL—REVERSE.—SEE PAGE 91.

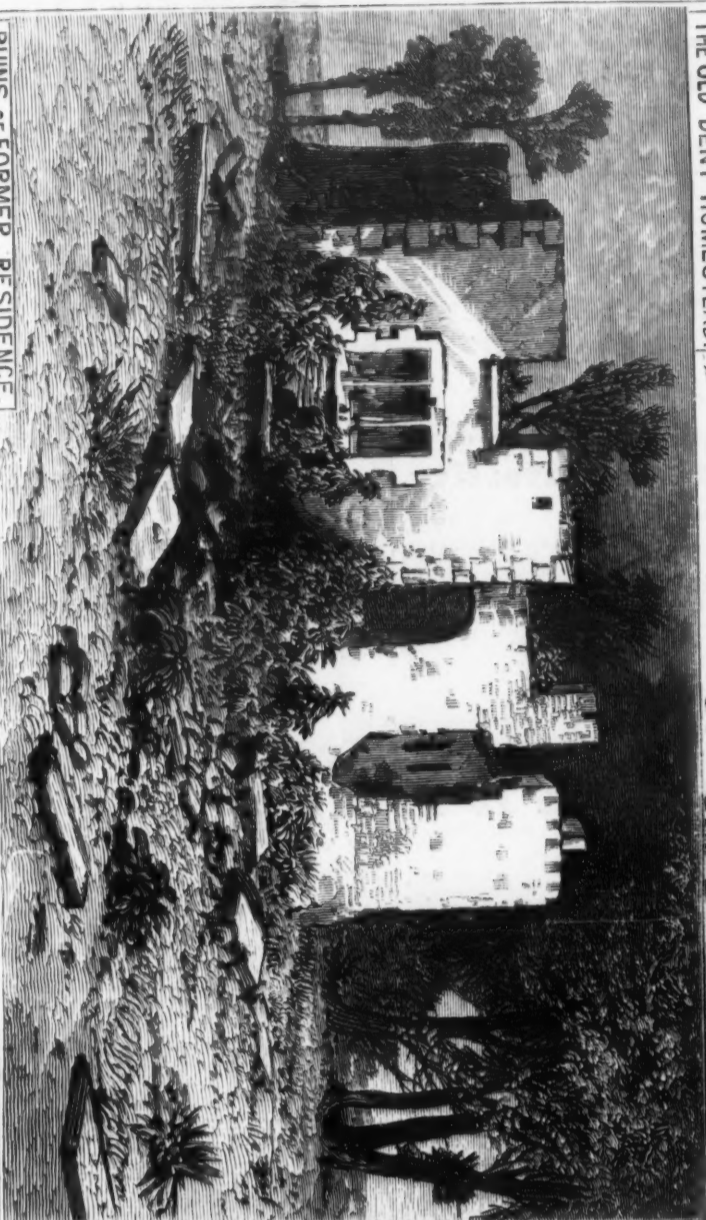
Company D, the City Guard, which military organizations acted as escort to the Mayor and Supervisors. The band of the Fourth United States

towards her professionally by the people of this city, and remarked that it was one of her strongest impulses to do something which would evince a

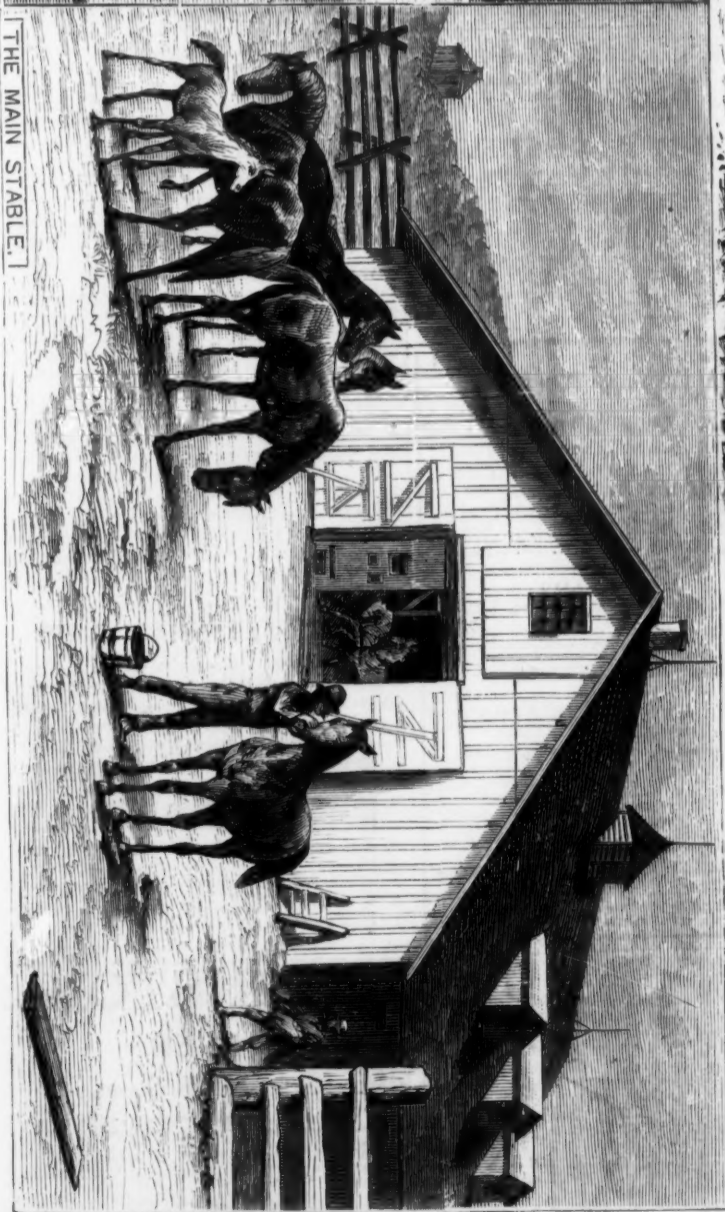
SARATOGA, N. Y.—MONUMENT OF THE SEVENTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT, NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BAKER & RECORD, SARATOGA.



THE OLD DENT HOMESTEAD.



RUINS OF FORMER RESIDENCE.



THE MAIN STABLE.

MISSOURI.—PRESIDENT GRANT'S FARM NEAR ST. LOUIS.—FROM SKETCHES BY WILLIAM STANGOR.—SEE PAGE 91.

reciprocal feeling. The noble fountain which her bounty had erected was the result. Mr. Hutchins, on the conclusion of Mr. Edwards's address, unveiled the fountain amid great applause. Mayor Otis accepted the gift on behalf of the city, and pledged the health of the generous donor in a glass of pure water from the fountain.

NOTES OF THE LOUISVILLE EXPOSITION.

MORTON'S MONTHLY—"HOME AND SCHOOL."—The first important enterprise that attracts the attention of visitors to the Louisville Exposition, is the grand display of premiums offered by John P. Morton & Co. for subscriptions to their famous Magazine. This immense book and Publishing House enjoys a most enviable name for fair dealing, vast resources, and extensive patronage. Their exhibition comprises a larger number of premiums and more variety of valuable articles than have ever been offered by any similar scheme. The plan is an ingenious novelty, original with this house, and the awards are on a scale of rare liberality, which offers unusually attractive inducements to those who wish to receive the first educational monthly of the age, and the elegant premiums offered by its generous proprietors. The series of classifications of premiums for subscriptions are arranged for all numbers between Two and Fifteen Hundred. The lists comprise numerous articles of pure gold, silver and plate ware, from the manufactory of Rogers, Smith & Co.; gold and silver watches from the Waltham factories; elegant books, single and in fine sets, of standard and popular authors; and many other articles for utility and ornament. Vast efforts are being made to secure the premiums, consisting of various styles of Estey organs, and popular "Valley Gem" pianos, furnished by D. H. Baldwin & Co., of Cincinnati, O. The Grand Premium for a list of Fifteen Hundred subscriptions is a magnificent church organ, which was built by Henry Pelcher for this special enterprise, at a cost of Two Thousand Dollars. It has two manuals, each of five full octaves of sixty-one notes, and one pedal of twenty-seven notes; twenty stops with composition pedals to effect rapid changes, and has all modern improvements of a valuable character. The liberal terms of the publishers are on an equal scale with the vast magnitude of the enterprise. Their monthly—"Home and School"—is a splendidly illustrated magazine, ably edited by W. J. Davis, Esq., who has a widespread reputation as a fine scholar and writer, whose labors receive singularly flattering encomiums from the press in all sections of the country. The people of the North and East will find it invaluable as a reference with regard to the progress of educational, literary and scientific interests in the South and West. The rapid increase of its circulation and popularity in the latter sections are flattering testimonials of its worth. The terms are One Dollar and a Half a Year, and each subscriber receives a copy of the elegant engraving, "Far from Home." Parties interested can rely on the assurance that every feature of the contracts made by these publishers will be faithfully fulfilled. Those who desire to operate for premiums will find complete details in the lists, which will be sent to address. Send one-cent stamp. Write distinctly Name, Post Office, County and State. Send money-order, draft, or registered letter, to John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky.

KITTS & WERNE, IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN FINE WATCHES, DIAMONDS, ETC.—The display of wares presented by this firm at the Louisville Exposition is the finest, largest and most valuable ever exhibited in the West. On Friday (fashionable) night they had in their splendid show-cases a magnificent variety of elegant sets and mountings of Diamonds, the aggregate value of which amounted to FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. This gorgeous array of glittering gems received more admiration, and proved more attractive to visitors, than all the other curiosities in the Exposition. This firm keeps the most elegant and expensive stocks found in the South. Their goods are of best qualities, warranted pure materials, and the prices compare most favorably with the lists of first-class houses everywhere. This popular establishment, which has been in existence over thirty years, at No. 120 Main Street, Louisville, Ky., is a very handsome structure, fitted up with marble and walnut, and presents a very imposing appearance. It is recognized as being the best representative house of its kind in the South, and enjoys an enviable patronage and reputation.

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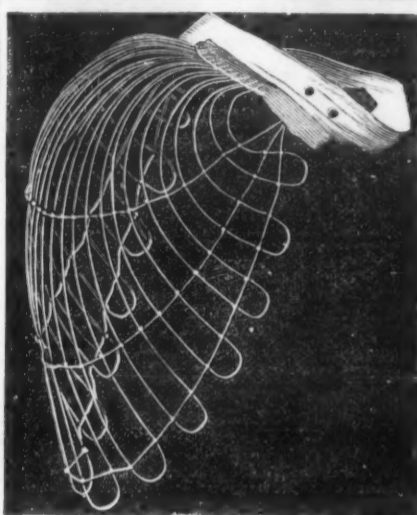
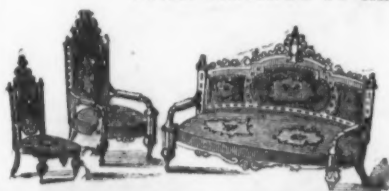
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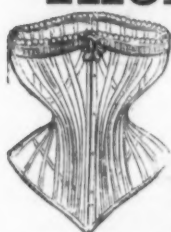
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